Class DA625
Book .C671

Rec'd. at the Department of
State 9 July 1806 —

403.

District Clerk's Office
14th April 1836.

NARRATIVE

See Vol. II. page

OF A

VISIT TO ENGLAND.

BY JOHN CODMAN, D. D.

One of the Deputation from the General Association of Massachusetts to the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

An interchange of hearts, and even of looks, with those who have joint communion in the objects and blessings of the gospel, is worth more than all the glittering things the whole earth can offer.—*John Newton.*

DISTRICT OF C...
1871
CITY OF W...

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PERKINS & MARVIN.

PHILADELPHIA: HENRY PERKINS.

1836.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836,
By Perkins & Marvin,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

2673

D066.3
.C67

CONTENTS.

Page.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from New York—Arrival at Havre—Journey from Paris to Naples, ... 15

CHAPTER II.

Naples—Rome—Florence, ... 24

CHAPTER III.

Venice—Milan—Geneva, ... 36

CHAPTER IV.

Paris, ... 59

CHAPTER V.

London, ... 73

CHAPTER VI.

London, ... 148

CHAPTER VII.

Excursion into the Country, ... 170

CHAPTER VIII.

York—Durham—Edinburgh—Highlands — Glasgow—Liverpool, ... 217

CHAPTER IX.

Excursion to Wales—Return to Liverpool—Departure from Liverpool—Arrival at New York, 241

PREFACE.

To those individuals who may honor the following pages with a perusal, it may be proper to state the circumstances that have given rise to this publication.

The fraternal intercourse that has recently been established between the Independent Churches in Britain, and the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in the United States, has been the subject of sincere and cordial congratulation. The satisfaction with which the Deputation from the land of our Fathers was received by the American Churches, is evident, from the readiness with which they reciprocated their proposals of union, by an immediate appointment of Deputa-

tions to represent them at the British Anniversaries.

The author of the following Narrative will ever esteem it among the high and valued privileges of his life, that he was selected by his brethren to take part in this embassy of love.

It was not until the commencement of his homeward passage, when, for the first time during several months, he had a leisure moment, that the thought occurred to him, that perhaps the people of his charge, and the different Religious and Benevolent Societies which he had the honor to represent, might expect from him, on his return, a brief account of his tour, and of his attention to the objects of his mission. He accordingly occupied himself during a moderate and very pleasant passage of thirty-five days, in drawing up the following Narrative, which, immediately after his return, he communicated to his own people; and those parts of which, that relate to the objects of his

mission, he now takes this more public method to offer as a *Report* to the Ecclesiastical Body, and the different Religious Societies, which he represented at the Anniversaries in London, in May, 1835.

It will be perceived by the reader, that the author availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his appointment, to pass the winter immediately preceding these Anniversaries, in France and Italy. The first part of the Narrative, relating to his continental tour, as well as the concluding part, containing an account of his visit to Scotland and Wales, has been drawn up with much greater brevity and succinctness, than that which relates to the special objects of his mission. He might, indeed, have enlarged upon what he witnessed in those interesting countries, and filled a volume with topographical descriptions and statistical accounts. This has been abundantly done by other travellers; and the reader who is desirous of more particular

and detailed information, can be at no loss to obtain it from other sources.

The author's principal object is, to give an account of the Religious Anniversaries held in London, in the month of May, and to make his American brethren and friends acquainted with those excellent men, on the other side of the water, of the same faith and order with the Puritans of New England, who are engaged with us in promoting the various objects of Christian benevolence, which characterize the day in which we live. He trusts he shall be pardoned the free use of names of individuals, as it gives him an opportunity of expressing his deep sense of obligation for the constant kindness and hospitality he everywhere received, in his official character, as a representative of the American Churches.

The reader will find interspersed in the Narrative, some allusions to scenes and events associated with the author's first visit to England and Scotland in early life.

These, it is hoped, will be regarded with indulgence, by those to whom he is not personally known, while they may not be altogether unacceptable to the parties more immediately concerned.

NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK—ARRIVAL AT HAVRE—JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO NAPLES.

I would commence this Narrative with devout acknowledgments to Almighty God, for the great and distinguishing goodness and mercy, which have followed me and my beloved family, from the time of my departure from my native land, to the present hour. No serious casualty has befallen us during that period, although we have been exposed to dangers, both by sea and land.

At the meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts, in June, 1834, I received an appointment, as a Delegate to represent that body at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in London, in May,

1835. Having taken the subject into deliberate, and, I hope, prayerful consideration, I submitted it to my church and congregation, and they, with great kindness, consented to my separation from them for a season, and chose a committee to supply the pulpit during my absence. I took an affectionate leave of them, on the first Sabbath in October, 1834, and exhorted them to be "of one mind, and live in peace," with earnest prayers that "the God of love and peace would be with them."

On the sixteenth of October, I embarked at New York, for Havre, in the ship Sylvie de Grasse, Capt. Weiderholdt, accompanied by my wife and two daughters. The passengers on board were respectable and agreeable; and after a very pleasant passage of twenty-two days, we arrived in safety at Havre, on the eighth of November. The day after our arrival was *the Sabbath*, and we had the satisfaction of uniting our praises and thanksgivings with a few Christian friends, both English and American, in a little seaman's chapel, and heard a good discourse from their preacher, the Rev. Mr. Ely, brother of the Rev. Dr. Ely, of Philadelphia.

After spending a few days in Havre, we proceeded to Paris, through Rouen and St. Ger-

main. In that fashionable, and in many respects interesting metropolis, we spent but a short time, as we intended to remain longer on our return from Italy. We staid long enough, however, to make the acquaintance of several Christian friends, and to hear faithful, evangelical preaching, both in French and English. I attended, also, a monthly meeting of the French and Foreign Bible Society, where I was very favorably received, as one of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Bible Society, from whom they gratefully acknowledged pecuniary assistance in the distribution of the Scriptures.

After spending ten days in Paris, we procured a convenient carriage and set out on our journey with post-horses to Italy, through the south of France. We engaged the service of a very honest and faithful man, who acted in the double capacity of servant and interpreter.*

A ride of two or three days, during which nothing occurred of peculiar interest, brought us to LYONS, the second city in importance in France, and distinguished for its manufacturing

---

* *François Dunand:* I mention his name, as he may be of service to future travellers. Inquiry may be made for him at Messrs. Welles, bankers, Paris.

relations to our own country. We had letters of introduction to the Rev. Adolphus Monód, an evangelical Protestant clergyman, who, on account of his attachment to the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, had been excluded from one of the churches in that city, and was now preaching to a small congregation of pious and devoted friends of truth. We heard him with much pleasure, and spent the evening at his dwelling after the public service, in delightful and profitable conversation, and in social exercises of devotion.

On Monday morning, December 1st, we pursued our journey to Marseilles, stopping at Avignon, and visiting the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, in that immediate neighborhood. From Avignon we made an excursion to Nismes and Montpelier, and visited the spot, where the celebrated author of the Night Thoughts, in the dark hour of midnight, prepared a grave, with his own hands, for his daughter, for whom Christian burial had been denied by Romish bigotry. It is situated in the corner of a beautiful garden, and a neat tablet of stone, recently erected by one of the numerous admirers of Dr. Young, informs the stranger of the place of interment.

We spent a few days in Marseilles, where we experienced much kindness and hospitality from

several friends, to whom we brought letters of introduction. In this important French port, there is but one Protestant church, and that is supplied by three pastors, and has but one service on the Sabbath, and a catechetical lecture during the week. The doctrinal sentiments of the pastors, like those of many of the Protestant clergy in France and Switzerland, are Arian.

A seaman's chapel is much needed in Marseilles. I had expected to have met here with my countryman the Rev. Mr. Rockwell, who had been designated by the American Seaman's Friend Society, to occupy this station, and who had embarked, about the time I left the United States, in one of our national frigates for the Mediterranean.*

It is much to be desired, that this important field of usefulness should be occupied. There are, always, a number of seamen in this port, who understand the English language, and could an amiable, discreet and pious minister be introduced here, as seaman's preacher, he might extend his influence beyond the circle of his immediate charge, and be made useful to those English and

* I have since learnt that Mr. R. has accepted the office of Chaplain on board the Potomac, and continues in the service.

American families, who resort here for business, health or pleasure.

We left Marseilles on the 15th, for Toulon, Nice and Genoa, over a most delightful country and on the banks of the Mediterranean sea. This part of our journey was rendered very interesting by the romantic and unrivalled scenery through which we passed.

We were now entering upon the territories of the Church at Rome, and had an opportunity of witnessing the paralyzing effects of that ancient, and once formidable, superstition. On this subject, I shall have occasion to enlarge in another place. I will only say here, that while I lost no opportunity of attending a Protestant place of worship, I occasionally went into the Catholic churches, and in Genoa I heard one of the most eloquent preachers, to whom I ever listened. He was a Capuchin Monk, dressed in his monastic habit, with his cowl, and rope for a girdle, and long flowing beard. His gesticulation was peculiarly graceful, and the effect of his oratory upon a large and very attentive congregation, was most solemn and impressive. On the same day I heard a French Protestant deliver a written sermon to a handful of people in a peculiarly cold and heartless manner, which formed a striking contrast to

the fascinating eloquence of the Italian Monk. I could not but regret that the doctrines of the Reformation were not preached in this Catholic community with more fidelity and with greater power.

At Genoa we embarked in a steam-boat for Naples. The first day brought us to Leghorn, an important port in the Mediterranean. The boat remained there but one day, during which we took the opportunity of visiting Pisa, celebrated for its Leaning Tower, its Cathedral, and Campo Sancto, or holy burying-ground, the earth, of which it is composed, having been literally brought from Jerusalem. Returning from this excursion, we re-embarked in the steam-packet in the evening. On reaching Civita Vecchia, the port on the Mediterranean nearest the city of Rome, we were persuaded to disembark our carriage with most of our luggage, as we were told it would be subject to a heavy duty on its arrival at Naples. I mention this circumstance to show the kind providence of God, which remarkably watched over us in all our ways.

Just before reaching Naples, we passed by the ancient *Puteoli*, the place mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, where Paul landed on his way from Jerusalem to Rome. This place was pointed

out to us by a fellow passenger, a Swiss, who could not speak English, by showing us the chapter and verse, in a French Testament which he held in his hand, that contained the account of the apostle's landing.

We arrived at Naples on Christmas day, in the afternoon. As it was a public day, much observed by the Neapolitans, we were unable to pass our luggage through the Custom House, and were permitted to take on shore with us those articles only, which were needed for immediate use. As we had left most of our clothing with our carriage at Civita Vecchia, we took on shore all that we had with us, consisting of a small portmanteau and a carpet-bag, while all the luggage and merchandise goods, belonging to the other passengers, some of which were of great value, were left on board.

The next morning, we were awakened by our faithful servant, with the intelligence that the steam-boat was consumed by fire, a few hours after the passengers had quitted it. Every thing was destroyed. Some of the passengers lost their all, and some a very great amount of property. François, our servant, lost his trunk, and unhappily some valuable property which it contained. Had we not left our carriage at Civita Vecchia,

it would undoubtedly have been destroyed, together with the greater part of our clothing and other valuable articles which it contained. In this, as well as in many other circumstances which occurred during our journeyings, we have abundant occasion to acknowledge, with devout gratitude, the merciful interpositions of a kind and protecting Providence.

CHAPTER II.

NAPLES—ROME—FLORENCE.

Naples is one of the most populous cities in Europe,—but its population is miserable and degraded in the extreme. The lazaroni, or common beggars, infest every part of the city, and their squalid poverty is so disgusting, that there is danger of becoming callous and hardened to those sensibilities, which human wretchedness and suffering ought ever to inspire. Here the Catholic religion is to be seen in all its pomp and circumstance. Splendid churches, and the gaudy dresses of its officiating clergy, meet you on every side; but you look in vain for those salutary and happy influences which a pure and unadulterated Christianity always produces.

But even in this corrupt and wicked place, there are to be found those who have not defiled

their garments. There is a respectable congregation of the Church of England, where the gospel is faithfully preached from Sabbath to Sabbath. The Rev. Mr. Valette, a faithful missionary, to whom I was introduced by my lamented friend, the Rev. Samuel Green of Boston, preaches to a small congregation in French, and to a Swiss regiment in their native tongue. He is a devoted and excellent man, and is doing much good.

From our hotel we had a most delightful view of the Bay of Naples and of the celebrated volcanic mountain, *Vesuvius*. No eruption took place during our visit, but the smoke, continually ascending from its summit, and the variegated clouds that surrounded it, afforded us from our windows a most sublime and beautiful prospect.

We made an excursion to visit the far-famed excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The first of these cities is but partially excavated, but the latter presents to the admiring eye one of the most wonderful scenes that is to be met with on the globe. An entire city, with the remains of its buildings, streets, gardens, baths, tombs, &c. &c., as it existed eighteen hundred years ago, is laid open to the view. All the movable articles, that were found in it, together with many entire skeletons of its wretched inhabi-

tants, are still preserved in the celebrated Museum in Naples, and are well worthy the attention of the curious traveller. We made another excursion to visit the classic ground, rendered memorable by Virgil, and the poets and orators of his time.

We remained in Naples a short time, during which the weather was cold and uncomfortable, and on the 8th of January, 1835, we engaged a carriage and horses to take us to ROME, that ancient city, so celebrated in story and in song, and in the history of the church. What rendered our journey to Rome particularly interesting, was the fact, that we passed over the very same ground that was trodden by the apostle Paul and his companions eighteen centuries ago. Before reaching the city, we noticed the place in which it is supposed stood the Appii Forum or Three Taverns, where the apostle met his Christian friends from Rome, and thanked God and took courage.

The road from Naples to Rome, passing through the long and dreary meadows denominated the Pontine Marshes, is at certain seasons of the year, rendered unhealthy by a disease, called the Malaria, and is frequently infested with banditti. We passed over it, however, without experiencing any

trouble or inconvenience, and arrived safely on the evening of the 10th, in that city which was once the mistress of the world.

It will not comport with my design, to give in this place a particular account of this ancient city. Its early history is well known. The remains of many of its celebrated temples, forums, columns, and palaces, afford unceasing satisfaction to the antiquary, the scholar, and the man of taste. But to the Christian, nothing can exceed in interest the apostolic and ecclesiastical associations, by which he is everywhere surrounded. Here, the great Apostle to the Gentiles boldly preached the faith of Christ in his own hired house, and here he sealed his testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus with his blood.

The spacious Ampitheatre, called the *Coliseum*, still stands in all its massive grandeur, within whose extensive area the blood of the primitive Christians was poured out like water, and their bodies shockingly mangled and devoured by wild beasts, for the amusement of the people. The extensive catacombs, or subterranean passages, still remain, within whose dark and mazy labyrinths the primitive Christians sought refuge from their bloody persecutors, and "sang praises to Christ as God." They served, also, as sepulchres for their slaugh-

tered dead, and their gloomy cells are, to this day, whitened with the bones of martyrs.

While there is much to interest the Christian antiquary in exploring the localities, so intimately associated with the early propagators of his faith, his heart is pained within him in witnessing, on every side, the lamentable effects of that degrading superstition, which has usurped the place of a purer faith, in this renowned and venerable city. Heathen temples, it is true, have been converted into nominally Christian churches, but *idolatry* remains the same, though disguised by different and purer names. The famous bronze statue of the apostle Peter, which stands in the splendid edifice that bears his name, is said to have been the personification of *Jupiter*, taken from a heathen temple, and the numerous statues and paintings of the holy virgin, which everywhere meet the eye, have taken the places that were once occupied by *Venus* and other goddesses of the heathen mythology. Indeed, the transition from ancient polytheism to Romish superstition, appears neither forced nor unnatural. The gorgeous vestments of the Catholic priesthood, bring us back, very sensibly, in our imaginations, to the interior of heathen temples and the services of pagan altars; and, while witnessing their pompous processions

and solemn mockery, we seem to forget that we are living in the nineteenth century of *the Christian era*, and almost fancy ourselves walking the streets of Rome, when in the glory of her power and the height of her idolatrous worship. We are soon, however, awakened from this reverie of the imagination, by the images of faded glory and departed greatness, which, on all sides, meet the view of the observant traveller.

Rome is, evidently, in a dilapidated and decaying state. Its population is gradually declining, and nothing but the annual influx of foreigners prevents it from entire decay. Many, if not a large proportion of its inhabitants are entirely supported by the liberal disbursements of the wealthy English, who visit this ancient city during the winter season, and I am persuaded, notwithstanding the boasting of the friends of the *Eternal City*, that, should the event of war, or any other cause interrupt her intercourse with England, she would soon lose her municipal existence.

Of the importance of this dependent relation, the civil authorities appear to be aware, and the Pope himself winks at the establishment of a Protestant Episcopal church, though for the sake of apparent consistency, it stands a few rods outside the gate of the city. This place of wor-

ship is well attended by the numerous English, who reside in the city, and although many of them are gay and fashionable, and apparently worldly minded, they are favored with the services of an evangelical and faithful clergyman, who does not "shun to declare the whole counsel of God."

During a month's residence in Rome, I had repeated opportunities of witnessing the ritual and various ceremonies of the Catholic church, and my impression has been, that, although among the ignorant and lower classes of the people, there may be found many sincere devotees to its superstitious peculiarities, it has but a very slight hold upon the cool and deliberate judgment of the more intelligent part of the community. The priesthood is very numerous, for the endowments of the church afford a livelihood to many, who would otherwise perish for want of bread. But, if I do not much mistake, many of the ecclesiastics themselves have very little confidence in the value or efficacy of their official duties.—The Pope, who is far advanced in life, seems to be a sincere, though bigoted Catholic, who appears to discharge his sacerdotal functions with great gravity and unaffected seriousness and solemnity. He is not unfrequently visited by Protestant strangers; and he had made an appointment to receive several Amer-

ican friends of my acquaintance, but our departure from the city, a few days previous to the appointed time, deprived us of the opportunity we should otherwise have had, of a personal interview.

My conviction, from my observation since I have been travelling in Catholic countries is, that the faith of the church of Rome is decidedly on the wane,—that its most intelligent and observant advocates are fully sensible of it,—and that they are looking forward to its revivification in the new world. But in this forlorn hope, I trust, and confidently believe, they will be disappointed. I am not insensible to the efforts that have recently been made, and are now making, for the establishment and spread of Romanism in our own country, especially in the great valley of the Mississippi. That there is danger to be apprehended from these efforts, cannot be denied, and that every means should be used, consistent with Christian principle and duty to arrest the progress of this fatal heresy, will not be questioned by every friend of his country and the cause of pure and undefiled religion. But I cannot think, for a moment, that the man of sin will ever obtain a predominant influence in this free and happy land. I have too much confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people. Where the means of education are

so generally enjoyed, as they are in our country, it is morally impossible that the Catholic faith, which depends for its existence and nutriment on the ignorance of mankind, should ever obtain a permanent footing, much less should ever become the prevailing religion of the land. This firm persuasion, however, should not lessen in any degree, our persevering and judicious endeavors to counteract the efforts that are making by the Roman Pontiff, and other Catholic potentates in Europe, to establish and patronize the peculiarities of their faith in the western world.

After having seen most of the objects of curiosity in ancient and modern Rome, we pursued our journey in our carriage (which had arrived from Civita Vecchia) to the north of Italy. I need not say, that we left Rome with much regret, as we never expected to visit it again. In this ancient and celebrated city there is much to interest the admirer of the fine arts. As a specimen of architecture, nothing can exceed the interior of St. Peter's church. I visited it again and again, and was never satiated, nor even satisfied. It was with no trifling emotions of regret that we beheld its lofty dome gradually disappear from our view, as we took our departure on the 17th of February, from Rome for Florence.

Our journey to this far-famed city of the arts, renowned as the residence of the distinguished family of the Medici, was performed without any memorable occurrence. We spent about ten days in visiting its celebrated gallery of statuary and paintings—the royal residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany—the public gardens—the magnificent Duomo, or Cathedral, and several beautiful churches.

During our short residence in Florence, we had an opportunity of witnessing a striking instance of Catholic superstition. It had been for several weeks a season of severe drought. It was publicly announced that a celebrated picture of a female martyr, which had been for a long period concealed from the vulgar gaze, would be exposed to the sight and adorations of the people, that through her intercessions, accompanying the prayers of the faithful, the desired blessing might be procured. For three successive days, the church, where the picture was exhibited, was thronged by credulous devotees, and among them the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, and many of the nobility. Towards the close of the third day, the rain fell in torrents, and the numerous bells throughout the city announced the complete success of the miracle.

Such miracles are of frequent occurrence in the Catholic church. We arrived in Naples a few days too late to witness the celebrated miracle which is annually performed, of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. This saint is the patron saint of Naples, and suffered martyrdom in the neighborhood of that city, at an early period of the Christian era. Some of his blood is reported to have been preserved, and to remain in a congealed state, except on the return of the anniversary of his death, when it is said to liquefy in the presence of a vast number of admiring devotees. One of our countrymen, who arrived a few days too late to witness this wonderful transmutation, on expressing his regret to one of the priests, was gravely told, that, at a very trifling expense, his curiosity might immediately be gratified.—Such is the astonishing ignorance and delusion which prevails among this degraded population.

We had frequent opportunities, while in Florence, of seeing our distinguished countryman, Mr. Greenough, who is employed by Congress in executing a colossal statue of the father of his country, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington.—We saw also the Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, both in private and in public.

The state of religion in Florence, as far as I

could judge, is exceedingly low, and grossly superstitious. There is indeed an English Episcopal church in the city, but no one is admitted *without pay*, and the preaching is said *not to be worth the money*. I preferred attending a small French Protestant congregation, where the gospel is preached *without money and without price*. There is something exceedingly revolting to my mind in demanding *a fee* for entrance into the house of God, where rich and poor, high and low, should meet together.

CHAPTER III.

VENICE—MILAN—GENEVA.

From Florence we proceeded to Venice, through Bologna, Ferrara and Padua. Leaving our carriage at Fusina, we embarked in a gondola for the city of the sea, where we should have no need of horses to convey us from one part of it to another.

Venice, though evidently in a state of decline, is still a most interesting city. Its unique appearance, as standing on the sea, (or rather on a number of sunken islands,) intersected by canals, instead of streets, strikes the stranger with pleasing admiration. But it is not the object of this brief narrative to indulge in topographical description; if it were, this marine city, which was the favorite residence of the talented but perverted author of "Childe Harold," would furnish abundant material

for the purpose. We stood where he stood, on the *Bridge of Sighs*—"a prison and a palace on each hand." We visited them both. The palace of the Doges in the proud days of the republic, though not at present occupied by the constituted authorities, is shown to strangers. Its spacious halls—its extensive library—the very rooms that were occupied by the council of "Three Hundred," and the still more dreaded council of "Three," were opened for our inspection, and, I need not say, recalled to our minds scenes of painful interest, which was not lessened by the visit which we subsequently paid to the former prison and dungeons of the Inquisition. After receiving their sentence, the unhappy victims of a cruel superstition passed from the hall of judgment over *the bridge of sighs* to their gloomy cell, and thence, as soon as they were shriven by the appointed confessor, into the eternal world.

We passed a week in Venice—visited many of its splendid churches and palaces—and were much gratified in viewing the statuary and paintings which they contained. We were there on the last days of the Carnival—and for two or three nights, the spacious square of St. Mark was filled with people, many of them disguised in the most grotesque forms of masquerade.

Before leaving Venice, we paid a visit to the Armenian Convent, situated on an island, a short distance from the city, where we were very politely received by the learned and courteous secretary of the establishment, who speaks English fluently, as well as a number of other languages. He told us that he was well acquainted with Lord Byron, who used frequently to take lessons of him in the Armenian language. Of his infidelity he appeared to entertain no doubt, and he assured us that he was a very unhappy man. In this establishment there is a press, at which are printed several different languages. We took leave of this literary and urbane ecclesiastic with regret, and enrolled our names in the visitor's book, which contained the names of many of our own countrymen, as well as others from different parts of the world.

On returning to the city we visited a lunatic asylum, on a neighboring island, and were much pleased with the propriety, cleanliness and general order of the establishment.

The Roman Catholic religion is the only form of Christianity, if it can be called such, that exists in Venice. We sought in vain for a Protestant place of worship of any denomination. I believe there is a Jewish synagogue in the place, but, with this exception, all the other places of wor-

ship, which are numerous, are under the control of the See of Rome.

During our stay in Venice, intelligence was received of the death of the Emperor of Austria; and the incessant sound of bells, in consequence of this event, was not a little annoying to us. Great preparations were making for a funeral ceremony in the church of St. Mark, which was to take place on the day after that, on which we proposed to quit Venice. The death of this Potentate does not appear to be much felt by his Venetian subjects, many of whom sigh in vain for the return of the best days of the republic.

We were not a little delighted, on taking one of our aquatic excursions on the beautiful Laguna, in perceiving the American flag waving among the shipping of the harbor. We directed our gondolier to guide his boat under the stern of the vessel, where, to our surprise and gratification, we read the name of the *Impulse of Boston*. We immediately hailed her, and were received on board with great politeness by Capt. Dunbar, who informed us that he was bound for Boston, and would be happy to take charge of any letters or parcels we might intrust to his care. The appearance of an American vessel is a rare occurrence in Venice, as it is said that this is the first

that has arrived at this port for thirty-six years. In testimony of their desire to cultivate commercial relations with the United States, the Venetian Chamber of Commerce have presented Capt. Dunbar with a handsome flag.

On Monday the 9th of March, we left Venice and returned to Padua, whence we proceeded on our tour to MILAN, the northern capital of Italy, over the plains of Lombardy, and through the interesting towns of Vicenza and Verona. We found the road good, and arrived at Milan without any occurrence worthy of notice.

Milan is a beautiful city, distinguished for its Cathedral, whose external architecture exceeds any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. The interior of St. Peter's at Rome, and the exterior of the Cathedral at Milan, are the most perfect models of ecclesiastical architecture, I doubt not, of which the world can boast. We ascended to the top of this superb edifice, and had a nearer view of those innumerable little marble statues of saints and angels, which so richly decorate this magnificent temple. The interior of this fine Cathedral is not particularly striking. It contains the cemetery of Charles Borromeo, who is the patron saint of Milan. His tomb is reported to have cost a sum of money nearly equal to a

million of dollars. The body of the saint is exhibited for a pecuniary consideration, richly embalmed and loaded with jewels that have been presented by various princes and other distinguished individuals, who at different times have visited this shrine. This remarkable personage, though now lying in such state, surrounded by diamonds and jewels, was, during his lifetime, distinguished for his great self-denial and acts of liberality and beneficence. His meek and benevolent spirit would have revolted at the lavish expenditure, with which his superstitious admirers have chosen to load the deposit of his earthly remains.

During his life the city of Milan was visited with that dreadful scourge of humanity, the plague, and he not only fearlessly exposed his own life, but expended an immense fortune, in administering to the necessities and comforts of the wretched sufferers. The extensive Almshouses, erected by his princely bounty, though now comparatively useless, still remain as a monument of the unwearied liberality of this excellent man. He was devoted to the spiritual, as well as the temporal interests of his fellow creatures, and it is said, that he was the first to have conceived the idea of collecting children together

on the Sabbath for religious instruction. This honor, indeed, has always been awarded to the immortal Raikes; and so far as it relates to the instruction of children in *the sacred Scriptures*, it may still be exclusively awarded to him. But the practice of the religious instruction of children on the Sabbath, in the tenets of the church of Rome is, I have no doubt, as old as the time of Charles Borromeo. It prevails at the present moment very generally, if not universally, in Catholic countries. During the interval of the morning and the evening services, it is the custom of the priests to collect the children about them—the boys in one part, and the girls in another part of the church, to receive religious instruction; and I have frequently stopped to listen to their exhortations, though I could not well understand the language in which they were given.

The following account of this remarkable man may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, was descended from one of the most noble and opulent families in Italy. Being inclined to an ecclesiastical life, he applied himself early to those studies, which seemed best to qualify him for that high function; conversing constantly with those, who were most famous for learning and virtue in

his country, and, what is still far more effectual, diligently studying the writings and examples of the wise and holy dead. His uncle being afterwards elected Pope, the principal preferments of the church, both as to riches and honors, were soon conferred on him. But he showed even in his early years a greatness and goodness of mind, far superior to that of most ecclesiastics of that corrupt age. Instead of making it the object of his life to engross many preferments, and then to live on their incomes in pride and idleness, in avarice or luxury; he immediately resigned, or devoted to charitable purposes, *three quarters* of his ecclesiastical, and *all* his own large property, leaving to himself, of an income, which even in that time amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling per annum, little more than what was barely sufficient for the mere necessaries of life. He left the pomp of the court of Rome, and retired to his residence, which was almost perpetual, in his diocese. This he made the scene of his glorious labors. For though the greatness of Borromeo's mind was unhappily in some instances obscured by the superstition of that age and country, yet in general the designs and actions of his whole life were most noble and wise. He was indeed a great instrument in reforming in some degree the corruptions

of the church, and bringing back the clergy to their duty by his noble example in so illustrious a station. His whole life was an uninterrupted scene of zeal in doing good. Few hours did he allow to sleep; scarce any to any other refreshment. His great temperance indeed was a perpetual source to him of that spirit of industry, and of that tranquillity of mind, which were so useful for such labors. Daily did he allot several hours to study; in which he was both indefatigable, and in general judicious;—several for private and public devotion;—for he every day publicly read and performed himself the whole divine service of the church,—twice in every day did he give public audience to the poor: hearing their complaints with the greatest patience; answering them with the greatest sweetness; relieving them instantly, if possible, in their distress. The remaining hours were employed in the *particular* business of the day: for *each* day had its *appointed* business; some days were allotted to attending the business of his ecclesiastical tribunals;—in the proceedings of which no fear of the greatest nobles or princes could sway him from what, after much deliberation and consultation, he was convinced was right,—or the overseeing of the erection of the public buildings of charity and piety, and the seminaries of learning,

which he was continually founding. Other days were appointed for the visiting and inspecting, by turns, the several parishes and religious houses, the *hospitals*, and even *prisons* of this great city. Besides the good which he did in these, he made it in general a rule to walk on foot from one of these places to the other, that he might give opportunity to any one in the way to speak to him, and thus not lose the least opportunity of doing good.

"Thus were the months employed within the walls of Milan: the rest of the year was passed in visiting the other parts of his diocese: he gave great attention to the smallest parishes; despising no person for his low condition, and being particularly industrious and happy in understanding and directing the different turns and tempers of mind in all ranks of men: he neglected not, even that part of his diocese, which lay in some of the wildest regions of the Alps. The inhabitants of those mountains were surprised to see a Cardinal Archbishop travelling on foot from one village to another, discoursing on the road familiarly with the meanest laborers and shepherds; edifying them by his pious instructions, and infinitely more so by such an example of humility; relieving their poverty with the greatest generosity and

charity; and yet himself constantly living more hardly than any one of them would easily have submitted to do. To complete his charity to that country, which was buried in ignorance, he frequently sent proper persons from Milan for their instruction; and crowned the work with founding the Helvetic college in Milan, as a learned seminary for constantly supporting about one hundred young students in divinity of that nation.

"In the great famine of the year 1570, he every day, and that continually for the space of several months, fed upward of *three thousand poor*. To defray the immense expense of his charity in that dreadful year, he sold the principality of Oria, an estate of his own at Naples, of two thousand pounds per annum, and distributed immediately the whole product of that sale to the poor: he sold also his jewels, and the *rich furniture of his family palace* for seven thousand five hundred pounds sterling, and distributed this sum likewise in the same manner: he sold all the *plain furniture of his episcopal house*, even the very bed on which he slept.

"Six years afterwards, happened that dreadful plague of Milan, which destroyed about twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants: far from fleeing from such danger, he stirred not from the city

during all that dreadful time: daily was he to be seen prostrating himself with his people before the altars of mercy: continually was he visiting with the greatest fortitude, piety, and benevolence, multitudes of sick and dying, whether in private houses, hospitals, or prisons. The dismal spectacles in these places so moved his good and kind heart, that he again sold all his plate, furniture, &c. which he had lately repurchased, and gave that and every thing he was worth to the relief of the poor in that dreadful distress. He left scarcely necessaries for himself: one evening particularly, when he returned home from the dismal fatigues of the day, he found not a morsel of bread in the archiepiscopal palace, with which to refresh himself—for his diet was little better than bread and water—or any money to buy it withal. It is to be observed, that at this very time, he constantly and daily supported not fewer than fourteen hundred sick persons; and it is estimated, that on the whole no less than *seventy thousand of his countrymen owed their lives to him.*—After the cessation of the plague, he founded, as his income came in, several charities for the reception and support of the poor orphans of those who had perished in the pestilence.

"No wonder that all the inhabitants of this

country should look on him as their father. Among the multitudes that loved and adored him, there were, however, some few wretched enough to form a conspiracy even against his life. They discharged their pistols against his breast, even while on his knees before the altar. The wound was given while that part of the gospel was reading—'*Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid: if they persecute you, ye know that they have persecuted me also.*' The prelate, though thinking that he had received his death's wound, changed not his posture or countenance, but continued still in the same meek devotion, resigning his soul to Him whom he was adoring. He afterwards did all in his power, according to his usual gentleness and love to his enemies, to contrive the escape and save the lives of his assassins: of some, who were condemned to the gallies, he obtained the liberty: others were by the justice of the nation, notwithstanding his endeavors, sentenced to death. They died repentant, and recommending their families to the goodness of Borromeo: With joy did he accept the guardianship of them, and protected and provided for them with the most parental charity and love. Informed of other conspiracies against him, he showed the same unmoved fortitude, burning the

letters which brought him the intelligence, and refusing guards, which the government offered him for the protection of his person : saying, that the prayers of his flock were his best guard. But the whole of his life was one continued chain of the most undaunted fortitude, the most indefatigable beneficence, the purest virtue, the sincerest and deepest humility, and the most fervent and exalted piety. Twenty years did he thus execute the episcopal office. His labors were then finished by a fever of some few days, or rather of some few hours ; and he was called to his everlasting reward, leaving behind him on earth a memory adored by his countrymen, and honored by the wise and good of all nations, and of all religions."

We were much pleased with the city of Milan. It is more cleanly, and the people are far more active and industrious than in any other city we visited in Italy. The inhabitants in general are superior in personal appearance to the more southern Italians, though we noticed an unusual number of dwarfs, of both sexes, for which we found it difficult to account. The Ambrosian Library, and the Palace of the Arts, contain many beautiful specimens of statuary and painting. We were particularly gratified on visiting in an old convent the

original picture of the Last Supper, by Leonard de Vinci. It is much injured by time. There are two copies of this celebrated picture, in the college of the Brera, or palace of the arts; one of them was painted by a scholar of the artist while he was living—the other, as large as the original, is a remarkably good copy.

We were frequently reminded of Napoleon in Milan. It was here that he was crowned king of Italy. Every thing however is done by the Austrian government to efface from the memory of the Milanese the recollection of this remarkable man. The famous colossal statue in bronze, made by Canova, which once ornamented the Piazza del Duomo, we saw lying prostrate among a parcel of rubbish, in a lower apartment of the palace of the arts.

After spending a few days in Milan, we proceeded on our tour to Geneva over the Alps, and by the celebrated road constructed by Buonaparte, called *the Simplon*. The first day's ride was very delightful, through a beautiful country, and on the banks of some of the finest lakes in Northern Italy. We passed in view of a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo. It is said to be about seventy feet high, and is entirely composed of brass, except the hands, which are of bronze.

The saint is looking towards Arona, his native place, and from the attitude in which he stands, appears to be in the act of blessing it. The head alone of this immense statue, will contain, according to Carter, eight persons comfortably. Madame Starke says, that four can be accommodated, seated around a table, and François, our servant, told us that he had been in it with thirteen beside himself.

The second day brought us to the commencement of the Alpine ascent; and we were not a little alarmed by the intelligence we received, that a most frightful accident had very recently taken place, in crossing the Simplon; a carriage and horses having been precipitated over one of the tremendous precipices, by a sudden gust of wind, by which the horses and all the passengers were killed. This terrific intelligence, however, did not deter us from prosecuting our journey, relying upon the protection of that kind Providence which had continually watched over us. The day in which we attempted to pass the mountainous barrier between Italy and Switzerland, was pleasant, and apparently favorable; but as we proceeded towards the summit of the mountain, the wind began to rise, and to blow fearfully. We soon arrived to such depths of snow, as made

it necessary to remove the wheels of our carriage, and to avail ourselves of runners provided for the occasion. In this way we passed most frightful precipices, and when we arrived at the place, where the awful casualty was said to have occurred, we held our breath for several moments in deep anxiety. Through the merciful providence of our heavenly Protector, the wind, which, but an hour or two before, blew almost an hurricane, subsided into a calm, and we crossed the dangerous pass in safety. After a tedious ride of thirteen hours, we reached the place of our destination without any accident, and, I trust, felt our hearts swell in gratitude to our almighty Preserver.

Having in some measure recovered from the fatigue of the preceding day, we resumed our journey on the morrow, through that interesting country which we had long wished to see, and which, after all, we were obliged to pass through at a most unpropitious season of the year. The weather, during the whole time we were in Switzerland, was cold, cheerless and uncomfortable. We arrived late at night, at Vevay, on the banks of the beautiful Leman, or lake of Geneva, having passed in the dark without knowing it, to our subsequent mortification, the castle of Chillon, so romantic in its situation, and so celebrated by the

poetry of Lord Byron. We found ourselves at a very comfortable inn, and the next morning left for Geneva, through Lausanne and other beautiful villages on the borders of one of the finest lakes in the world. Had the weather been propitious, the ride would have been most delightful; even as it was, it was not destitute of interest, and led us to imagine what it would be under fairer skies at a more congenial season. We arrived towards evening at Geneva, and took up our abode for several days at one of the most extensive and comfortable hotels we had met with on the continent. We were most cordially welcomed by a lady of our acquaintance from Boston, who was residing in Geneva for the education of her children. We were delighted to find, also, at the same hotel with ourselves, a very interesting family, who made a passage with us last October, in the Sylvie de Grasse. Mons. Barbey, who was a native of Switzerland, contributed much, during our short residence in Geneva, to our comfort and happiness, by his kind and unwearied attentions. Through his politeness, we were favored with a sight of the latest papers from New York; and the very first intelligence that met our eager eye, overwhelmed us with surprise and grief. I refer to the announcement of the

sudden death of our dearly beloved and much valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Wisner. The long and endearing intimacy that subsisted between him and myself; the most perfect and unrestrained confidence that characterized this intimacy, and the blasted hopes of renewing it again with increasing delight on my return, rendered this unexpected intelligence peculiarly afflictive, and cast a gloom over the interesting scenes through which we were moving; and it was long before I regained sufficient equanimity to engage with any cordiality in the occurrences of the passing hour.

Geneva is not what it once was. Its glory has departed. Its "venerable company of pastors," as the associated ministers of this city are called, are, with one or two exceptions, *Unitarian* in sentiment. The very pulpit in which the immortal Calvin preached the doctrines of the Reformation, is now occupied by those of a different and opposite faith. The degeneracy of this people, and their present depraved and vitiated taste, is evident from the fact, that while not a stone nor any other memorial directs the inquiring traveller to the grave of Calvin, a colossal statue of the licentious and infidel Rousseau, occupies one of the most beautiful and conspicuous parts of the city.

Amidst the general apostacy, there yet remain those, both within and without the national Protestant church, who adhere to the faith once delivered to the saints. I was most cordially received by the Rev. Cæsar Malan, D. D. He lives a little out of the city, and has a neat and convenient chapel, erected in his garden, at his own expense, where he preaches to a small but devout congregation. His mild, benignant and expressive countenance, and the peculiar suavity of his manners, render him a most agreeable companion. He converses in English with fluency, and occasionally preaches in that language. We heard him preach in French, and were much interested in his manner, and, as far as we could understand, in the matter of his discourses. We heard, also, an evangelical minister, connected with the national church, (Rev. Mr. Goissin,) deliver a lecture to youth in a chapel called the *Oratoire*. There is also a society of Christians, composed of independents, (or Congregationalists,) and Baptists, who worship, for the present, in a chamber or hall. They have two or three pastors, one of whom, at least, is a Baptist in sentiment. With this congregation, an excellent family, by the name of Wolff, with whom it was our happiness to be acquainted, were connected.

M. Wolff and his family, keep a pension, or private boarding-house, next door to Dr. Malan's, where several of our pious American friends, who have occasionally visited Geneva, have found excellent accommodations. The young ladies called upon us on the morning of our departure, in company with one of their pastors, the Rev. Mr. Guers, with whose simplicity and sincerity I was greatly delighted.

We visited the public library in the college of Geneva, and were highly gratified by the sight of several ancient manuscripts, among them some in the handwriting of Calvin, which, notwithstanding the general defection from his creed, are preserved with scrupulous care and attention. We were shown also an original picture of this celebrated Reformer, as well as the portraits of several of his cotemporaries.

We visited also a large gallery of paintings, among which we noticed a modern painting of the death-bed of Calvin. He is represented as a very pale and emaciated figure, seated upright in his bed, taking his last farewell of his numerous friends, Beza, Varel, and others, whose likenesses are copied from the portraits just mentioned. I have seen no picture in the numerous collections which I have examined during the last few

months, which interested me more both as to the subject and the execution.

We waited five days in Geneva to see the sun, that we might enjoy the delightful scenery of the Lake, and obtain a more perfect view of Mount Blanc; but we waited in vain. During the whole of the time, dark and gloomy clouds veiled from our view the luminary of day, and a cold and piercing wind confined us much to the house; and when we ventured abroad, blew us about to our great discomfort and annoyance. We could only hope, that at some future day we might see the delightful lakes, and mountains, and valleys of Switzerland, under more favorable and auspicious circumstances.

Having visited *Ferney*, the celebrated retreat of the skeptical philosopher Voltaire, we left Geneva on our way to Paris. Nothing occurred worthy of notice on our journey. We arrived at Fontainbleau the night before we reached the French metropolis. Here we were gratified in meeting with two of our fellow passengers in the Sylvie de Grasse, who had taken up their residence in this pleasant village. These French ladies received us with great politeness, and we spent the evening very pleasantly, in reviewing the little incidents of our outward passage. In the morn-

ing we visited the palace, and its beautiful gardens and forests. In one of the rooms is preserved with great care, a small round table, upon which Napoleon signed his abdication of the throne of France. I have found very generally throughout this country, that the memory of Buonaparte is cherished with much enthusiasm, while little sympathy is expressed for Charles the Tenth, and as little interest felt for Louis Philippe. The people appear to be satisfied with the present government, as, upon the whole, the best they can expect, though by no means enthusiastically attached to it.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.

On the 28th of March we arrived again in Paris, and took lodgings in the Hotel de Hollande, rue de la Paix. A large number of letters awaited our arrival, and the intelligence which they contained, respecting our absent family, friends, and people, relieved our anxiety, and filled our hearts with joy and gratitude.

In Paris we were happy to rejoin our much valued friend, Rev. Dr. McAuley, of New York, who was our fellow passenger from America, and our fellow traveller in Italy, and from whom we reluctantly separated in Milan. His health, though by no means confirmed, appeared to be improved. Here, too, we were gratified to meet the Rev. Dr. Spring and his daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Baird, who had recently arrived from New York. Dr.

Spring, as a Delegate from the Presbyterian church in the United States, to the Congregational Union of England and Wales; and Rev. Mr. Baird, as a resident Agent of the American Protestant Association for promoting Religion in France. We met, also, several other esteemed transatlantic friends, some of whom we had seen during the past winter in Italy, and some of whom were directly from the United States. We found ourselves very pleasantly situated in the midst of a circle of Christian friends, in the gayest and most fashionable city in the world.

The day after our arrival, being the Sabbath, we attended public worship in a Protestant chapel, in the rue Taitbout. This is a neat and commodious place, which will accommodate about five hundred people, and was formerly used as a small theatre. O! that the time may come, when the twenty or thirty theatres, that are open every *Sunday* evening in this dissipated city, for the service of the god of this world, shall no longer resound with the sentiments of the stage, and the songs of the opera, but be made vocal with the doctrines of salvation, and the praises of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! This chapel is supplied both with French and English preaching. In the morning, the Rev. Messrs. Grandpierre

and Audobéz officiate alternately in French, and are well attended, not only by French, but by several English and American hearers. In the afternoon, the service is in English, and has been, for several years, conducted by the Rev. Mark Wilks, who has been resident in Paris for nearly thirty years. Mr. Wilks has done much good, not only in Paris, but throughout France, in sustaining the different religious institutions, with which he is connected. The Rev. Mr. Mines, who had been employed as an American missionary to the seamen at Havre, and who is a most amiable man, as well as a preacher of superior talent, was invited to come to Paris as an assistant, and, as was supposed by himself and others, as a successor to Mr. Wilks, who, it was thought, would leave the pulpit to Mr. Mines, and devote himself exclusively to his more public engagements. But, it seems, Mr. Wilks did not so understand the arrangement, and was unwilling to relinquish the sole control of the pulpit to Mr. Mines. In consequence of which, Mr. Mines thought it his duty, after having consulted his friends and several of his ministerial brethren, who were then in Paris, to withdraw from that situation, and return to America. This course seemed the less objectionable, from the fact of the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Baird, who can

occasionally preach for Mr. Wilks, while he prosecutes the more general objects of his mission.

It appears very desirable that there should be an *American* Congregational or Presbyterian church established in Paris, having an evangelical and acceptable pastor. The American residents would feel a sort of national interest in the establishment, and might be disposed to attend it. At present, the number of pious, devoted, church-going Americans is very small. Like the pious Jews, however, in the days of Malachi, "who feared the Lord," they "speak often one to another." Four or five of them, and sometimes more, meet every Saturday evening for prayer, the study of the Scriptures, and religious conversation, and we cannot doubt that the God of Israel will "hearken and hear," and will own them as his "in the day when he maketh up his jewels."

In the morning, we heard Mr. Grandpierre preach in French. His manner is interesting, and, as far as I could judge from my imperfect knowledge of the language, his discourse was sound and evangelical. In the afternoon, we were refreshed by hearing a very solemn and impressive discourse in our own language, and by one of our own countrymen, Dr. Spring. Thus passed away another of the days of the Son of Man. Though

we had the privilege of attending public worship once and again, there was nothing *outside* of the house of God to remind us of the Sabbath. All was gaiety, frolic, riding, promenading, sight-seeing, rope-dancing, puppet-showing, and every sort of idle lounging and fashionable confusion. The boulevards and other public walks, such as the gardens of the Thuilleries, Luxembourg, &c., were crowded with people, many of them sitting on chairs or benches—some reading newspapers and other periodicals; others taking their coffee, lemonade, or ices; and *all* apparently regardless of the sacred injunction, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Such is the *Sabbath*, not only in Paris, but in Catholic countries generally, I believe I may say *universally*, at least so far as my knowledge extends. The people usually attend mass in the morning, but the afternoon and evening are given up to the unrestrained indulgence of worldly pleasure and gratification. The priests, themselves, not unfrequently engage in amusements and sports, after having performed the most solemn service of their ostentatious and imposing ritual.

One of the greatest difficulties attending the conscientious traveller on the continent of Europe, is the embarrassment which the usages of society

everywhere present to the strict observance of the Sabbath. Not only are the streets filled with people, engaged in their ordinary avocations and more particularly devoted to amusement, but the custom of travelling on the Sabbath is so universal, and regarded with so much indifference by all classes of society, that it seems, at first, almost impossible to perform any long continued journey without encroaching upon holy time. I am persuaded however, that the difficulty is, by no means, insurmountable. Steadiness of purpose, and a little forethought and calculation in arranging the time of departure and the stages of the road, will enable the Christian tourist to pursue his route without compromising his principles, and without any serious inconvenience to himself.

There is another powerful temptation, which will continually present itself to those, who have solemnly professed to renounce the vanities of the world, while sojourning on the continent of Europe. The theatre and the opera follow you wherever you go, and are the invariable theme of conversation in almost every circle into which you are thrown. The government encourages them by its enactments, and the clergy sanction them by their presence. Indeed almost every one, from the king on his throne, to the plainest citizen and

the humblest peasant, goes to the theatre. It is true, a very vigilant police in most European cities guards these sources of amusement from many of those abuses to which they have been considered liable, and the strictest order and decorum is said to prevail both within and without their precincts. But, disguise it as you will, the theatre has always been the vantage ground of the great enemy of souls.

An argument which is often used, and too frequently prevails with serious minded travellers is, that it is impossible to see and judge of the manners and customs of the different nations through which you pass, without attending their theatres and other places of amusement. This argument is indeed specious, but fallacious and extremely dangerous. We had better remain forever ignorant of these manners and customs, than to purchase the knowledge of them at the expense of our principles, and by the sacrifice of our purity and virtue. I am persuaded, that the only safe rule that can be adopted by the Christian in these trying circumstances is, never to do any thing *abroad*, that he would not do *at home*. It is true, a strict adherence to this rule may expose him to occasional inconvenience, and perhaps deprive him of some opportunities of seeing the world; but he will

be more than compensated for any such sacrifice, by the approbation of his conscience, and the satisfaction afforded by a review of his time, in the calm and sober hours of domestic retirement.

We happened to be in Paris during some of the festivals of the Romish church, and had an opportunity of attending the church of St. Roch, on Good Friday, and hearing high mass performed on Easter Sunday in the church of Notre Dame, by the Archbishop of Paris, dressed in his pontifical robes. The Catholic churches in Paris, in general, are well attended, especially when the people are attracted by a popular preacher. The large church of Notre Dame, was crowded to excess when it was known that a celebrated preacher, then in Paris, was to officiate. Seats were frequently engaged the night before, and exorbitant sums paid to secure them. We made one or two attempts to obtain admission, but were unsuccessful.

The Protestants in Paris are not without their attractive preacher. They have two congregations, connected with the Protestant National church, one very large in the rue St. Honoré, and a smaller one in the rue St. Antoine. These churches are supplied by four pastors, who preach in rotation. One of them, Mr. Monód, Jr., is de-

cidedly evangelical, while his father, and the other two pastors, are supposed to be inclining to Arianism, if not to Socinianism. One of these, the Rev. Mr. Coqueril, who is the most decided Unitarian, is a man of very superior talents, and a most eloquent declaimer. When he preaches, the church is always crowded with a gay and fashionable congregation.

Besides his regular turn of preaching on the Sabbath, Mr. Monód, Jr., preaches every Sabbath evening in a small room over the body of the church in the rue St. Honoré, called the *Oratoire*. He is attended by the more serious and devout part of the congregation, and he preaches to them in a plain and familiar manner, adapted rather to promote their edification, than to excite their admiration.

Religion, in every form, is now tolerated in France. The Catholics, and the Protestants who choose to place themselves under the national patronage, are supported by government, while all denominations, who prefer to live by the *voluntary principle*, are protected in the exercise of their privileges and rights, by the safeguard of the law. There are various places of worship for the accommodation of English and other Protestants, in different parts of the city. Bishop Luscombe

preaches in a neat and convenient chapel, to the English embassy and others. His congregation, though not very numerous, is highly respectable, and is usually composed of the nobility and gentry, who frequent the French capital. The chapel Marbeuf in the Champs Elysées, which was originally built and occupied by the Rev. Lewis Way, is well attended by the more serious part of the English residents. They are favored with the services of a truly orthodox and devoted clergyman of the church of England, the Rev. Mr. Lovett, who preaches, in the most faithful manner, the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel. There is also a small congregation of Wesleyan Methodists, who now worship in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, in part of a house that was late the city residence of General Lafayette. It is fitted up in a neat and commodious manner, and accommodates a congregation of two or three hundred. Their minister, the Rev. Mr. Newstead, is a very amiable man and good preacher, and is greatly beloved by his congregation. I preached for him, and for the Rev. Mr. Wilks in the rue Taitbout, to serious and attentive congregations.

The state of vital religion in the French capital, as far as I could judge, is very low. There is, indeed, much to discourage the friends of truth, in

the frivolity and infidelity of this gay and licentious city; but there is, also, occasion for encouragement, in the free and unrestrained exercise of religious worship, guaranteed by the government to every sect and denomination. I was forcibly struck with the change in this respect since the time of my first visit to Paris in 1806. A few Christian friends then met occasionally for prayer and religious conversation; but they were obliged to seek the most retired places for their devotions, and were in constant dread of being interrupted by the appearance of a gens d'arme, with an order from the police for their arrest and confinement. Now the utmost liberty is allowed, and every one may worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, having none "to molest him or make him afraid."

The prejudices of the adherents to the faith of the church of Rome, are in many instances giving way, and numbers are beginning to be dissatisfied with their ancient creed, and are anxiously inquiring for "a more excellent way." I met with several intelligent Catholics, who candidly acknowledged that the Romish religion was evidently on the decline; and some of them expressed a wish that they had been born Protestants, but had not sufficient moral courage to come out and sep-

arate themselves from a church, that vauntingly claims to be not only the *original*, but the *exclusive* church of Christ.

The field is an immense one, and could a number of self-denying, humble, prayerful, devoted men, who perfectly understand the French language, (for without this their efforts would be in a great measure useless,) be sent out from Britain or America to occupy it, there is reason to believe that their "labor would not be in vain in the Lord."

During my short stay in Paris, I had the satisfaction of attending an ordination of missionaries in the Protestant church in the rue St. Antoine. It was to me an occasion of no ordinary interest, as one of my own countrymen, a friend and townsman, Mr. Henry Homes, Jr. from Boston, was to be ordained, in connection with a missionary, and catechist (or lay teacher) from the French Society. The place was well attended, and the services, which were exclusively in French, were introduced with prayer by one of the associate pastors of the congregations of the rue St. Honoré and rue St. Antoine. The sermon, which was very impressive and eloquent, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Grandpierre, the Secretary of the Missionary

Society, who appeared to be the presiding officer on the occasion. The candidates for ordination then, successively, addressed the audience in French, giving an account of their reasons for devoting themselves to the missionary work. After which Mr. Grandpierre descended from the pulpit, and laying his hands on their heads, offered the prayer of consecration, the candidates kneeling before him. When he had closed, each of the clergymen present stepped forward in turn, beginning with the eldest, and laid their hands on the heads of the missionaries for a few minutes in silence or inaudible prayer. This part of the service being over, the ministers gave them the right hand of fellowship, accompanied by a kiss on each cheek, and whispered in their ear a few words of comfort and encouragement. The services were then concluded by singing and prayer. Immediately afterwards, the ministers retired to the vestry, and signed a document on parchment for each of the missionaries, certifying that they had assisted in their ordination. This certificate was subscribed by no less than seven ordained clergymen from the United States of America, and among them three of the members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Mr. Homes

is expected to leave Paris in a few months for Constantinople. He is an amiable and respectable young man, and his heart seems to be devoted to his work.

CHAPTER V.

LONDON.

Having spent a month in Paris, to gratify my family with a sight of its many interesting objects of curiosity, I left it on the 28th of April, being anxious to reach London in season to attend the approaching Anniversaries of the Religious and Benevolent Institutions in that metropolis in the month of May. We travelled in the Diligence as far as Calais, where we arrived on the evening of the 29th. We took our departure in the steam-boat for London the next day. After a rough and uncomfortable passage, we landed, early in the morning of the 1st of May, near the custom-house, on the river Thames, and, in a few hours, were quietly established in the Adelphi Hotel, in the Strand.

My first visit was to my early and valued friends

at Islington, by whom I was received with the utmost cordiality. I cannot be sufficiently grateful for having been permitted thus to renew a friendship of nearly thirty years' standing. Many and interesting were the associations with the scenes of my youth, which crowded upon my recollection. It was in this neighborhood, in a chapel then occupied by the Rev. Mr. Lewis's congregation, that I preached my first sermon, in June 1806, on a week-day evening; and with their highly esteemed and beloved pastor, it has been my privilege to maintain an uninterrupted correspondence from that day to this. No one, but those who have been placed in similar circumstances, can conceive of the pleasure I enjoyed in taking once more by the hand those old and valued friends. It was a satisfaction that can be exceeded only by the pleasure of seeing them again in that world, where the joy of meeting will not be embittered by the prospect of separation. Having made an arrangement to spend the Sabbath with them, and once more to sit down together at the same sacramental table, I returned to my family at the Adelphi.

The next day, I called at the rooms of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Hatton Garden, and delivered my commission from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to

attend their approaching anniversary.—Dr. Spring and myself were appointed by the Board, to attend the meetings of the different missionary societies in England and on the Continent. As the anniversary of the Paris Missionary Society did not take place until the last day of April, it was impracticable to attend it, and to be present at the meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society on the morning of the first Monday in May, without travelling on the Sabbath. It was accordingly agreed between us, that Dr. Spring should remain to attend the Paris Society, while I should proceed, a few days before him, to be present at the Wesleyan anniversary. I was received by the secretaries, and other members of the committee of the Society, with great kindness, and was invited to attend and address the meeting on Monday. I was also desired to preach in one of their chapels on the Sabbath, but my engagement to spend the day at Islington, prevented me from acceding to their request.

From Hatton Garden I proceeded to Hackney, to call upon Dr. Reed, who resides in that pleasant suburb, at a considerable distance from his place of worship. The facilities of transportation from one part of this immense capital to another, by omnibuses, coaches, cabs, and flys, are so great,

that the distance seems almost annihilated. The expense attending these conveyances is exceedingly moderate, as for a single sixpence you can transport yourself from one end of London to another, a distance of several miles.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Reed were absent when I reached their dwelling, but I made myself quite at home, and awaited their arrival. In about an hour Dr. Reed returned, accompanied by my friend and colleague, the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, who had just arrived from the United States by the way of Liverpool. The interview was *doubly* pleasant, as I had the satisfaction of greeting, with one hand, a delegate from England to America, and, with the other, a delegate from America to England. Mrs. Reed soon came in, and welcomed Dr. Humphrey and myself to their hospitable dwelling.

It will be gratifying to the numerous friends of Drs. Reed and Matheson, in America, to know, that they are both of them favored with companions in life, of superior intellect, literary accomplishments, devoted piety, and most amiable manners. Of Mrs. Matheson, I shall have occasion to speak in another place. Mrs. Reed unites, with a peculiar sensitiveness to every thing that relates to the reputation and usefulness of her

husband, a remarkable adaptedness to assist him in all his plans for promoting the interests of religion among his people, especially among those of her own sex. She has taken a very active part in the formation of Maternal Associations, both in her own and in other congregations in London; and Mrs. C. found her a most affectionate friend, with whom she has taken sweet counsel, and concerted many plans for the promotion of that religion which is most dear to them both. After having taken dinner with these esteemed friends, I returned to the city, and rejoined my family at the Adelphi.

The next day was the Sabbath of the Lord, and it was to me one of peculiar interest. I was, at length, in a land of Sabbaths; for the Sabbath, though not so well observed in London as in some other parts of the kingdom, and in our own country, is still regarded with the strictest decorum and propriety, when compared with its observance on the Continent. The streets of that immense capital, particularly those leading through the great thoroughfare of the city, by the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, which, during the week, are so crowded as to render it difficult and tedious to thread your way through them, are, on a Sabbath morning, as still and quiet as a walk in

the country. All the shops are closed, except the apothecaries', and now and then a window half shut, containing pastry, ginger beer, and soda water.

We proceeded from our lodgings to Islington, where we arrived just as the service was commencing at Union Chapel. This place of worship, which was erected in 1806, for Mr. Lewis's congregation, principally through the efforts and liberality of the late Robert Cowie, Esq., was intended to unite the Evangelical part of the Episcopal Church and the Independent Congregational Dissenters, and hence it was called *Union* Chapel. In the morning, the church prayers are read, and in the evening, the service is conducted after the manner of the Dissenters. There seemed to be a reason for this arrangement, when the gospel was not preached in the parish church; but now that the parish church, and several other churches and chapels of the establishment, which have been erected within the bounds of this large parish, are, I believe, without exception, supplied with an evangelical clergy, it seems the less necessary to maintain the Episcopal service at Union Chapel, and I think that the time is not far distant, when this service will be dispensed with, and the chapel become a regular Dissenting place of worship.

After the prayers were read by a person (not an ordained clergyman) appointed for that purpose, and clothed with the gown and surplice, the Rev. Mr. Lewis ascended the pulpit, and delivered an excellent discourse, from 1 John iv. 16—*God is love*—occasioned by the death of one of his congregation, Mrs. B.

The custom of preaching funeral sermons is far more common in England than it is with us; indeed, it may be said to be universal among the Dissenters. There is much to be said, both for and against this practice. It tends to increase the interest between a pastor and his flock, and to afford him suitable opportunities for addressing them, in seasons when affliction maketh the heart soft, and the providence of God invites to serious and reflective meditation. On the other hand, there are great temptations to concealment, dissimulation and flattery, as well as great danger of giving umbrage and offence to those who may think their departed friends neglected. In this instance, however, the preacher, while he bore testimony to the excellencies of the deceased, did not fail to point out the defects which marred the beauty of her character; and I was told by those who were well acquainted with the peculiarities of Mrs. B., that the portraiture

was remarkably faithful, and the delineations singularly graphic and accurate.

After the public exercises, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by the pastor, first to a very few, after the manner of the church of England, and then to a much larger number, after the customary mode of the Dissenters. In this last service it was my privilege, after a long and painful suspension of the enjoyment of this holy ordinance, to participate, and to address my fellow communicants on the unspeakable privileges and blessings of our common faith. It was, indeed, truly refreshing and delightful to sit down, side by side, with members of my own family, and with the friends of my youth in a far distant land, to commemorate the dying love of that divine Saviour, who shed his precious blood for sinners on both sides of the Atlantic and in all parts of the world.

We spent the remainder of the day with Mr. R. G. Steell and his amiable family, who were among my earliest, and have been among my most constant friends in England, and returned to London in season to attend an evening service in Surrey Chapel, and to hear an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. James of Birmingham.

Mr. James is one of the most esteemed and

popular ministers among the independent Dissenters. He is favorably known in our country as the author of several excellent practical religious treatises. As a preacher, he is plain and forcible, and his style of preaching appeared to me to be formed more after the American model, than that of any preacher I heard in England. His sermon was confined to one point, enforced by direct and pungent appeals to the conscience and heart. The proposition which he attempted to illustrate and enforce was, that *religion was the great business of life*, and of this he never lost sight himself, nor suffered his hearers to lose sight through the whole of his discourse. Thus passed our first Sabbath in England, and though, like every other Sabbath, it might have been better improved, it was spent more to my own satisfaction, and I trust edification, than any other Sabbath since we left our native country.

On Monday morning I commenced the discharge of my official duties; and attended as a delegate from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the anniversary of the *Wesleyan Missionary Society*.

Exeter Hall in the Strand, a large and commodious building, erected within a few years past for the purpose of accommodating the most im-

portant of the religious and benevolent societies of the Metropolis, and which will contain four thousand persons, was crowded to excess at an early hour. The platform was filled with ministers and many respectable laymen of different denominations, and the chair was taken at 11, A. M., by John Hardy, Esq. M. P. After prayer by one of the ministers present, the meeting was addressed in an animated manner by the chairman, and extracts from the Report were communicated by one of the secretaries, the Rev. Dr. Bunting, who was received by the audience with reiterated applause. The report contained an interesting account of the Society's operations in different parts of the world. Its acceptance was moved by the Rev. John Clayton, Jr., in an interesting speech. Several very animated addresses followed, in which allusion was made to some particular trials to which the Wesleyan denomination had been called, in the northern part of the kingdom, during the past year. These allusions awakened, to a very great degree, the sympathy of the audience, and called forth repeated bursts of applause, which rendered some parts of the meeting almost tumultuous. Reference was made in the Report, and in several of the speeches, to the subject of *slavery*, and I was happy in the opportunity,

afforded me by my introduction to the meeting, (which was very politely done by Dr. Bunting, who read in a very loud and distinct voice my commission from the American Board,) in expressing my sentiments on that subject, and in assuring the audience of my abhorrence of slavery, and my earnest desires and prayers for its speedy abolition. At the same time, I adverted to the difficulties with which the subject was surrounded in my own country, and to our need of that wisdom which cometh from above, "which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." Several other speakers addressed the meeting, and among them the Rev. John Williams, one of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society in the South Seas, who on this, and several other occasions, rendered the anniversary meetings exceedingly interesting.

It was truly delightful to witness the Christian union between the friends of the Redeemer of different denominations, which these interesting seasons served to elicit. Evangelical Churchmen and Dissenters—Methodists and Independents, and various other Christian denominations, meet together on these halcyon days of the church, and, forgetting, for a while, their minor differences,

unite in promoting the cause of their common Christianity.

On the next day, (Tuesday, May 5th,) the *Church Missionary Society* held its anniversary in Exeter Hall. Dr. Spring, who had arrived the evening before from Paris, accompanied me, at an early hour, to the committee room of the Society, where we delivered our credentials as delegates from the American Board. We were told by some of our Dissenting brethren, that we should not be invited to speak at this meeting, as we were not *churchmen*, but we could not believe it, as, whatever might be the prejudices existing in this Society against Dissenters from the established church in England, we imagined that they could not extend to the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of our own country, much less to regularly commissioned delegates from the American Board. *But it was even so.* Our commissions were read in the committee room, but no other notice of us, or of the Society we had the honor to represent. We were suffered to sit in silence on the platform, and to listen to several addresses from Noblemen, and Bishops and other dignitaries of the church of England.

The Bishops of Chester, and of Litchfield and Coventry, whom I heard with great pleasure, not

only on this occasion, but all other times during the season of anniversaries, are excellent men, decidedly evangelical, and eminently devoted to the cause of missions.

We had the opportunity also of hearing on this occasion, one of our own countrymen, Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who has been for some months past in this country on an agency for Kenyon college. As he did not lie under the ban of dissent from the rites and ceremonies of the mother church, he was permitted to address the audience, and was received with loud applause. He was, as usual, eloquent and interesting; but I should have been better pleased, had he been less fulsome in lauding the Church of England, its universities and its sixteen thousand clergy, many of whom he must have well known are far removed from that evangelical doctrine and consistent practice, for which he, himself, is so justly distinguished. The Bishop, I understand, received much polite attention, and gained much pecuniary aid for the object of his mission, from the members of the established church; and it is not surprising, that, from his kind and benevolent feelings, he should have been led, on this occasion, to have said some things which appeared to me like extravagant and unmerited praise.

The Earl of Galway, the Marquis of Cholmondley, Archdeacon Corrie, and others, successively addressed the meeting; and the Society's missionary, the Rev. Mr. Yates, (whose appearance was the most perfect beau ideal of a missionary I ever beheld,) gave a cheering view of the New Zealand mission, and read several interesting letters from the natives.

The next religious anniversary which it was my privilege to attend, was that of the *British and Foreign Bible Society*, which may be said, without any disparagement to other institutions, to be the first and best society in the world. Exeter Hall was overflowing at an early hour on Wednesday morning. Several of our friends called to accompany us to the meeting, which was opened by a short speech from Lord Bexley, the venerable President of the Society. The annual report was then read by the secretary, Rev. Mr. Brandon. Its acceptance was moved by Lord Teignmouth, the son of the first president of the Society, and seconded by the excellent Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, who remarked, 'that in whatever cares and duties and anxieties we might have been thrown from our connection with the world around us, here we breathe freely. He had always found such an atmosphere tranquillizing to

his own mind, and dispersing the clouds that worldly influence had gathered around it.'

Bishop McIlvaine then expressed his congratulations upon the harmony with which Christians unite on such an occasion as the present. 'The journey to heaven,' said he, 'is too short to allow time for falling out by the way. The cry for the bread of life, too clamorous to dispute in what baskets it shall be borne to the perishing. Now was the time for action. He would never speak of what the church had achieved, if its tendency was to relax exertion—if it had done but little, that little should be the motive for still greater efforts.'

Archdeacon Corrie, (the Bishop elect of Madras,) recently from Bengal, said, 'that when he first went to India, the first Bible he gave was regarded with surprise and doubt; now it was read with gladness, and many were distributed. He mentioned a poor boy, who was laid in his weakness on the banks of the Ganges. He was heard by some one calling on the name of *Jesus;* he was reproved for so doing, and told to call upon one of the Hindoo deities. He replied, Jesus is the only God, who can help me. You may call upon whom you will, but I will call upon Jesus.'

Dr. Spring then addressed the meeting, as a delegate from the American Bible Society. He felt oppressed with the presence of such a mass of human beings, and closed a short and impressive speech, by a solemn and affecting allusion to the well known anecdote of Xerxes and his army. He was followed by the Rev. John Liefchild, one of the most popular Dissenting ministers in London, who, in a strain of animating and powerful eloquence, called forth reiterated bursts of applause. 'He spoke of the Society in its infancy, as cast like Moses on the waters, doubtful whether it would sink or swim, but like the great Leader of Israel, it was raised to royal patronage and power, and was now a mighty ark, going forth upon a sea which communicated with the rivers to the end of the earth. If it is pleasant,' said he, 'to watch the seedling springing into a tree, is it not delightful to behold that tree spreading forth its branches, and seeming to invite the whole earth to repose under its shadow? Thus has this Society risen, expanded and enlarged under the fostering care of Heaven, and we may see written upon it as with a sunbeam, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it; I will keep it night and day." He saw before him an assembly of different denominations, rally-

ing round the Bible, as the standard of their hopes, and as they advanced in their single purpose of conveying the Bible to all nations, so would they lose sight of their minor differences, and if their heads were not large enough to receive all each other's notions, their hearts would embrace, in heavenly charity, the whole family of man.'

Mr. Liefchild is certainly an interesting and powerful speaker. He possesses great confidence in himself, and a happy talent of winning applause, by arranging and closing his sentences or paragraphs by some striking expression, which so readily elicits the *Hear, Hear, Hear*, and the thundering burst of applause from a British audience. On being announced, he steps forward, hat in hand, to the front of the platform, and is received with successive cheers, which are continued, at very short intervals, to the close of his harangue. His eloquence is a very good specimen of English declamation on a platform. I was often led to contrast the smart and ready and fluent manner of the English, with the calm and quiet and unimpassioned manner of the New England orator. The speeches of the one, are better adapted to produce immediate effect, while those of the other, perhaps, tend to make a more enduring impression.

Addresses were delivered at this meeting by the missionaries, Rev. Mr. Yates and the Rev. Mr. Williams, who related many interesting anecdotes respecting the natives of New Zealand and the South Sea Islands. The meeting was, upon the whole, an interesting one; though it was said by some, who had attended on previous occasions, that it suffered in comparison with those of preceding years.

On Thursday evening, I attended the anniversary of the *Sunday School Union.* Thomas Challis, Esq., took the chair, and addressed the meeting at considerable length. It was a mistake, which I frequently observed in attending the English anniversaries, for the chairman to occupy too much time in his preliminary remarks, which often extended into a speech of more than half an hour. The audience, however respectable the chairman may be, become impatient to hear other speakers, and their impatience is not lessened by the long report which immediately succeeds the chairman's remarks. The report on this occasion, however, was not unreasonably long. Its acceptance was moved in an interesting speech by Professor Vaughan, of the London University. He was followed by several animated speakers, who related many anecdotes respecting Sabbath school

children. Among them was one, mentioned by the Rev. Henry Townley, 'of two friends who were conversing together, when one of them remarked that there was nothing he should so much like as to travel into distant countries. The other replied that he had no desire to extend his travels abroad, but he could wish for time and means to visit every village in his native country; and, in view of the moral ruin and desolation which sin had wrought, he should love to plant in every one of them a Sabbath school, and gather around him a little company to be educated for heaven. The pious manner in which these sentiments were expressed, so wrought upon the mind of his friend as to become the means of his conversion, and he is now a faithful laborer in Sabbath schools.'

The Rev. John Williams, from the South Seas, added much interest to this and other meetings which he addressed. He commenced with remarking that he had the pleasure of informing the audience that there was a Sabbath school connected with every missionary station in the islands where he had been laboring. Before Christianity had been introduced, it had been almost the universal practice for parents to destroy their children at a very early age. Now, a different aspect, indeed, is given to the islands. He gave an ac-

count of a Sunday school anniversary that took place just before he left the islands. The mothers, now under the mild influence of Christianity, assisted their children in preparing suitable dresses for the occasion, and seemed to take great pleasure in clothing them in the European style, and adorning them with such simple ornaments as were becoming and proper. The children were furnished with white flags, made of cloth, composed of the inner covering of the cocoa-nut, and on these flags they had written such sentences as these—"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"—"We bless God for putting it into the hearts of the English to send us the Bible," &c. &c. These flags were elevated here and there in the procession which they formed, and which consisted of several hundred children with their teachers. Thus they proceeded till they came to the chapel, and there, in a very quiet and orderly manner, were seated. The exercises commenced with singing a hymn, in which they all joined, their parents surrounding them in the distance. In the midst of the exercises, a moan was heard in the assembly. It proceeded from mothers, whom their own hands had rendered childless, and who in the bitterness of their souls, were exclaim-

ing—'O that we could have known that such a day as this was coming! O, our dear children—our murdered children!' An old man of seventy rose and said, I must speak, I must speak—and the tears flowed fast as he said, 'Blessed be God for such a day as this—O that it had come before, and then I should not have stood before you as I do now, *childless*:—but O, brother, said he to a native that stood by, you saw me do it, and did not stay my hand,—you saw me murder one after another of my *nineteen* children, and did not cry forbear! But we knew not the gospel.'—Mr. Williams said it was a most affecting spectacle. He mentioned an interesting circumstance of a Sabbath school teacher. 'About fifteen years ago, a native had married a young female of higher rank than himself. A child was born, and the mother determined to sacrifice it at once. This was effected. A second was born, and she cast it from her in the same way. The third child was a daughter, which she gave to the father with an injunction to destroy it immediately. The father's heart yearned over his offspring. He took it in a canoe to another island, where his brother and sister resided. Instead of drowning it, he committed it to their care, and returned, telling his wife that he had complied with her request. Ten

years had elapsed, and in the mean while the gospel had reached the dwelling of the lonely parents. When the anniversary, above referred to, occurred, the mother, who had thus sacrificed, as she thought, all her children, was present, bewailing her desolate situation, and saying—O that I had spared my children! Her husband, who was also present, approached her saying, You have yet one left. Nothing could exceed her joy and gratitude. She could hardly wait till a canoe could be procured to convey her to her child, and in beholding her young daughter, in form and feature like herself, she pressed her to her bosom, brought her home, and placed her in the course of Christian instruction—and this young person is now a pious and able teacher of a Sabbath school!'

Sir Andrew Agnew, M. P. (the persevering advocate of the Sabbath reformation,) Rev. Mr. Burnet, Rev. Mr. Dunn, and our countryman, Mr. Baird, (well known as the successful agent of the American Sunday School Union,) addressed the meeting.

In consequence of the overflowing attendance in the Hall, another meeting was simultaneously held in a large room below, where the Rev. Dr. Morrison presided with great ability, and my col-

league, Dr. Humphrey, gave an interesting account of the Sabbath school cause in the United States.

The continued attendance on anniversary meetings was occasionally relieved by the hospitality of our Christian friends, who were assiduous in their attentions, and did all in their power to render our visit both pleasant and profitable. Agreeably to previous invitation, I dined on Saturday with Dr. Reed, in company with my colleagues in the deputation, and several highly esteemed friends; among them were Dr. Burder, Rev. Mr. Collison and Professor Tholuck. Professor Tholuck gave us much valuable information respecting the progress of evangelical religion in Germany. Much interesting conversation took place respecting the state of religion in our respective countries. Among other topics, the subject of the indiscriminate baptism of infants was introduced. The Evangelical Dissenters do not, in general, like the Orthodox Congregationalists of New England, require that one of the parents should be a member of the church, in order to confer the privilege of baptism upon their children,—but baptize the children of their congregation generally, who having themselves been baptized in infancy sustain a correct moral character. There are some, however, who practise on the strict plan, as it is

sometimes called with us, and baptize none but the children of professed believers, or those who are members in full communion with the church. It is much to be desired that this subject should receive more attention from our dissenting brethren. The history of New England evidently shows, that the great Head of the church has set his seal to the discriminate practice, by the effusions of his Spirit upon those churches, where it has been strictly maintained. This practice serves to draw the line more distinctly between the church and the world, and to lead believers to realize and to prize the blessings they enjoy as a *peculiar* people, and the world to feel, that, as long as they remain unreconciled to God, they can have no part nor lot in the privileges of the gospel.

Agreeably to a previous engagement, I went to Hackney, on Sabbath morning May the 10th, to preach for my old and much esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. H. F. Burder. He is the successor of the Rev. Samuel Palmer, with whom it was my privilege to have been acquainted nearly thirty years ago, and for whom I frequently preached at that period. The congregation is much increased, and the chapel has been enlarged since that time. I was received with the utmost kindness by Dr. Burder and his excellent family. They live at a

very short distance from their place of worship, and are surrounded by every thing that can contribute to their comfort and happiness. I know of no minister in London and the vicinity, more delightfully situated than Dr. Burder. Possessed of an ample fortune, and enjoying the esteem of his brethren and the affection of his people, with an understanding remarkably sound and judicious, a mind well furnished with classical and theological learning, a disposition peculiarly amiable, and ardent and unaffected piety, and surrounded by an estimable and affectionate family, he appears to possess as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of man. I preached for him in the morning, and, after service, was introduced to two of the principal members of his church, Mr. Morley and Mr. Charles, from whom and their families we afterwards received much hospitality and kind attention. My friend and colleague, Dr. Humphrey, who was at the time a guest of Dr. Burder's, preached in the afternoon, and I remained until evening, that I might have the opportunity of hearing Dr. Burder, who delivered a sermon well adapted to the approaching services of the Missionary Society.

On Monday, the *British and Foreign School Society* held its anniversary in Exeter Hall. It

was announced in the public prints that Lord John Russel would preside on the occasion, and take the chair at 12 o'clock. The meeting was crowded to excess; but at the appointed time, the audience were informed that his lordship was prevented by the pressure of official engagements from being present, and that Lord Brougham would take the chair. The noble chairman was received with enthusiastic and unbounded applause, and delivered a most eloquent and powerful address. I was exceedingly gratified in having so good an opportunity of hearing the ex-chancellor of Great Britain. I heard him ten years ago at a public dinner in Edinburgh, but I was much more pleased with him on the present occasion. His views on the subject of education were sound and liberal, his language choice and eloquent, and his utterance clear and flowing. The report was read by the Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Dunn, and was supported and followed by a number of speeches, which were thrown into comparative obscurity by the superior effulgence of the chairman. Lord Brougham was in fact the lion of the occasion, and little of the meeting was remembered except what related to him.

In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Spring preached at the Rev. Mr. Binney's Chapel, Weigh House,

East Cheap, before the Congregational Union of England and Wales. A large number of Dissenting ministers were present, and together with a very respectable congregation, listened to the impressive eloquence of the speaker.

Dr. Spring's *element* is the *pulpit*. Few men in our own country, or in any other, can be compared with him in solemnity of manner and weight of matter. I was gratified to find that he was so highly and justly appreciated by a British audience. He preached repeatedly to great acceptance, and several of his sermons were, without ceremony, transferred by attendant stenographers into a weekly periodical, called *The Pulpit*. His text on this occasion was in Matt. xiii. 38. *The field is the world*. It was a missionary sermon, and though not particularly appropriate to the object of the Union, was well adapted to the services of the missionary week.

Notice was given, at the close of the exercises, that the annual meeting of the Congregational Union would take place the next day at the Congregational Library, Moorfields. I accordingly attended with my brethren, the Rev. Drs. Spring and Humphrey, early on Tuesday morning. The Rev. T. W. Bull, of Newport Pagnel, took the chair at 10 o'clock, and opened the meeting

with prayer and a few pertinent remarks. After some preliminary business by the secretaries, we delivered our credentials as Delegates from the American churches, and were received in the most respectful and cordial manner by the meeting, through the chairman. After our introduction to the meeting, a resolution was offered by Dr. Reed, and seconded by Dr. Matheson, expressive of the satisfaction of the meeting in our reception as representatives of the transatlantic churches, and was sustained with great and affecting interest.

It devolved on me to offer our acknowledgments for the fraternal and very gratifying welcome we had received—to express the satisfaction of the General Association of Massachusetts, in the intercourse which was now established between them and the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which had been for some time the subject of mutual correspondence—and to present the sincere and affectionate congratulations of my constituents, to the ministers and churches represented on this occasion.

After an address of about twenty minutes, which was very kindly received, I was followed by Dr. Spring. He gave an interesting account of the state of religion within the bounds of the

Presbyterian church, and dwelt particularly on the subject of revivals,—distinguishing between those that were genuine, and those that were spurious. While he gratefully acknowledged the signal blessings which the American churches derived from revivals of religion, he did not conceal the errors of doctrine which had crept in upon them, and the dangers to which they had been, and were now, peculiarly exposed. His remarks were listened to with deep attention.

Dr. Spring was succeeded by my colleague, Dr. Humphrey, who confined himself very much to a detailed account of the Temperance reformation in the United States. No one is more familiarly acquainted with this subject than Dr. Humphrey, and no one better qualified to advocate it. But it is to be deeply regretted that its importance is so little felt in Great Britain. There is a strange apathy on this subject among our dissenting brethren. Very few of them appear to be connected with Temperance societies themselves, or to encourage them in their congregations. The British and Foreign Temperance Society, which I shall have occasion to mention more particularly in another place, appears to be supported principally by members of the Established Church, and by the Society of *Friends*. At the anniversary of

the Society, where Christians of all denominations ought to be found, I saw but one or two of those excellent dissenting ministers whom it was my privilege to meet at the Congregational Union and on other occasions.

I am persuaded that this neglect arises not from opposition to the Society, much less to the cause of temperance, but from inattention to the subject, and from a want of due consideration of the moral power which they possess, by their example, of checking the tide of intemperance and immorality which threatens to inundate the land.

So much time was taken up by the American Deputation, that little remained for the transaction of the ordinary business of the meeting, and for receiving communications from the Delegates from Scotland and Ireland, who were present on the occasion. I was however much interested in the brief statements made by the Rev. Mr. Brown, a venerable minister from Ireland, and by Messrs. Wilkes and Cullen from Scotland, of the state of religion in their respective countries.

Before the close of the meeting, (which continued till late in the afternoon, and then adjourned to Friday morning,) I left it to attend a meeting of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, at their house in Austin Friars. I presented my

commission from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was received with great kindness and cordiality by the meeting, and affectionately addressed by the chairman, Thomas Challis, Esq. The secretaries, the Rev. Messrs. Ellis and Arundel, I had the pleasure of knowing personally. They are excellent and highly useful men, devoted to their work, and enjoying, in a great degree, the confidence of the religious public. This interview with the Directors of the London Missionary Society, brought to my mind days and scenes long gone by, in which it was my privilege to enjoy the acquaintance and friendship of the early friends and founders of this noble institution. I looked in vain for those venerable and excellent men, Hardcastle, and Bogue, and George Burder, Rowland Hill and Matthew Wilks, Dr. Waugh, Mr. Platt, John Townsend, and many others whom I once beheld filling those seats, in the midst of their days, and in the prime of their usefulness.—"Our fathers where are they? and the prophets do they live forever?"

The course of the missionary services was to commence on the following day, and I was requested to offer the public prayer on the occasion in Surrey Chapel. Fatigued, though much inter-

ested with the labors and duties of the day, I returned to my family at our lodgings, in 28 Norfolk street, Strand, where we had removed from the Adelphi Hotel, and where we found ourselves comfortably established.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 12th inst. we all proceeded to Surrey Chapel, to attend the first public services of the London Missionary Society. This spacious building, which forcibly brings to recollection the memory of that singular and excellent man, whose eccentricities were sanctified by the grace of God, and whose disinterested labors in behalf of the temporal and spiritual necessities of his fellow creatures, will never be forgotten, was filled at an early hour by the friends and patrons of the missionary enterprise. The church service was first read by the person who usually officiates in the chapel, and the responses made by an aged clerk, who seems to be, in the oddity of his appearance and manner, the counterpart of his late pastor. Extemporaneous prayer was then offered, and a solid and judicious sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Young, of Perth, in Scotland, from Psalm cx. 3. "*Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.*" It was full of weighty and important matter, and evidently delivered memoriter, though

without the least hesitation. The services were closed with an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. James of Birmingham.

After public worship, we went to Newington, Butts, a distance of about two miles, where we dined and spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. Clement Sharp and his family, (relatives of esteemed friends in our own congregation,) from whom we received, during our short residence in London, much kind attention. The weather in the evening being rainy and uncomfortable, we were prevented from hearing, as we expected, the Rev. John Blackburn, of Claremont Chapel, preach the second missionary sermon in the Tabernacle, Moorfields. Mr. Blackburn is one of the secretaries of the Congregational Union, and is highly esteemed for his talents, and his devotedness to the cause of civil and religious liberty.

On Thursday, *the public meeting for business of the London Missionary Society* was held in Exeter Hall; and it far exceeded in interest any meeting I had previously attended. I was gratified in finding the same honored individual, William A. Hankey, Esq., in the chair, who presided on a similar occasion when I had the satisfaction of being present ten years ago.

After prayer by one of the ministers present,

he introduced the business of the meeting by an affecting allusion to the founders of the Society, all of whom, he remarked, excepting himself and one aged brother on the platform, had been removed by death. He said, he seemed to be standing there between two generations, and he would erect a pillar and write upon it as a motto—"Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory." The report, which was exceedingly interesting and satisfactory, was read by one of the secretaries, the Rev. Mr. Ellis.

The Rev. George Clayton then addressed the meeting in a speech beautifully composed, and gracefully delivered. Mr. Clayton is the second of three brothers in the Christian ministry, all of whom are distinguished for their dignified and gentlemanly deportment, as well as for their popularity as preachers, and their devotedness as Christian ministers. The Rev. John Clayton, Jr. the eldest brother, has been, for many years, the highly esteemed and useful pastor of an independent chapel in the Poultry. Mr. George Clayton has a flourishing and much attached congregation in Walworth in Surrey, in the immediate neighborhood of London. And the Rev. William Clayton, who was for several years pastor of a

church in the country, is, at present, the principal of the flourishing school for Dissenters at Mill Hill, a few miles distant from the city. The Rev. Mr. Clayton, Sen., now at the advanced age of more than eighty, some years since retired from the duties of the ministry, and, with his venerable consort, still more advanced in life than himself, survive to witness, with parental satisfaction, the increasing usefulness and success of their children.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptiste Noel, was one of the speakers on this interesting occasion; and, without any disparagement to any other speaker I heard in England, I can truly say, that, in sweetness of spirit, simplicity of manner, and enlarged views of Christian charity and benevolence, he was unrivalled. In his oratory he unites the peculiar excellence of the English and American character. He has the unction of the English, without its noisy vociferation; and the decorum of the American, without its frigidity and tameness. He is gentle, yet warm; mild, yet glowing; quiet, yet stirring. I was so enchanted with the sweet and flowing strain of his eloquence, that I could have sat for hours without the consciousness of passing time.

Mr. Noel is one of the most popular of the Evangelical clergy. He fills the pulpit in Bed-

ford-row Chapel, once occupied by the celebrated Richard Cecil. He entertains the kindest and most liberal feelings towards Dissenters from the established church; and were it to depend upon him, the walls of separation, between the friends of the Redeemer, in and out of the establishment, would soon be demolished. As it is, his free and generous spirit will not long submit to be confined within the limits of high church jurisdiction, and it would not be very surprising, unless a more liberal policy should be adopted by the Bishops and clergy towards their dissenting brethren, that he should burst the trammels, by which he is surrounded, and become as *independent* in his ecclesiastical relations, as he is in heart and character.

The Rev. William Reed, one of the Society's missionaries from Madras, Professor Tholuck, and Rev. Mr. Close from Cheltenham, (a clergyman of the established church of a kindred spirit with Mr. Noel,) successively addressed the meeting with much interest and effect.

Our friend, and almost adopted countryman, Dr. Andrew Reed, rose, and was received with enthusiastic applause. In one continued stream of impassioned eloquence he alluded to his transatlantic tour, and from the example of American liberality, stimulated British Christians to greater

exertions. He closed a speech of some length, and of almost unrivalled beauty and interest, by introducing the American Deputation to the notice and kind regards of the assembly.

It devolved upon me, as a delegate from the American Board, to express the sense my colleagues and myself entertained of the honor conferred upon us by this kind and respectful notice. The warm and reiterated expressions of welcome, with which I was received, were peculiarly gratifying, as indications of the affectionate feelings, with which my beloved country, and the important interests I represented, were regarded by the respectable and numerous audience.

The Rev. Mr. Knill, late of St. Petersburgh, and now a most successful agent of the London Missionary Society, succeeded me, and was received with the most lively enthusiasm by the assembly. There is something in the countenance and personal appearance of Mr. Knill that is strikingly interesting—something that carries conviction to every one that he is a man of great simplicity and godly sincerity. His speech was, like himself, plain and straight forward, and produced a manifest effect upon his audience. In compliance with his suggestion, a subscription was opened on the spot, for a special effort to send the gospel

to China. Within a few minutes about £500 sterling was collected, some in gold, some in bank notes, and more in promissory payments on scraps of paper, handed up on the platform, with the amount subscribed, prefixed with the three vowels, i. o. u., (*I owe you,*) and endorsed with the name of the subscriber.

The propriety of this method of raising money, which it was stated was not uncommon at missionary meetings in Manchester, and other places, was, in the opinion of many judicious individuals, very questionable, and I think will not be repeated. I confess, the influence on my own mind was not favorable. It tended to lessen the effect produced by the preceding exercises, and to convert into a mere pecuniary transaction, the business of a meeting, which ought to have a higher and nobler object. The unhappy influence of the measure was apparent in the unsuccessful attempt of the Rev. Mr. Williams, of the South Sea Mission, who was the last speaker, to regain the attention, and interest the feelings of the audience.

A circumstance occurred at this meeting of an unpleasant nature. While the audience were uniting in singing the doxology, at the close of the exercises, some one, who had contrived to gain admission to the platform in the disguise of a gen-

tleman, availed himself of the opportunity, while the backs of the secretaries were turned upon the table, upon which stood the bag, containing the amount collected, to appropriate it to his own private use. The robbery was not discovered until after the assembly had separated. It proved to be less considerable than was at first apprehended, as a greater part of the amount was in notes of i. o. u., which were faithfully redeemed, and in some instances paid with more than compound interest in an increased subscription. The ultimate loss, sustained by the Society, did not exceed thirty or forty pounds.

After the meeting was over, we went home with the Rev. Dr. Bennett and his family, with whom we were previously engaged to dine. Dr. Bennett is favorably known to the public as a scholar and an author. He was, for some time, at the head of the theological academy in Rotherham in Yorkshire, and was associated with the late Dr. Bogue, in the publication of the *History of Dissenters*. This work, together with his *Life of Christ*, in a series of practical lectures in three volumes, procured for him the Diploma of Doctor of Divinity from Yale college, in Connecticut. But Dr. Bennett is more particularly distinguished for his talents as a controversial writer. He is the

uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty, and enters very warmly into the agitating question of the present day, respecting church and state. As a writer, he is remarkably caustic and keen, and no one can expect to engage in controversy with him, without feeling the edge of his satire and the smartness of his wit. He has a respectable congregation, who appear to appreciate his talents as a preacher, and to regard him with affection in his pastoral character.

We returned from his residence in the city road, in season to attend the missionary sermon in St. Bride's Church, Fleet street, by the Rev. Mr. Close of Cheltenham. The preacher, in concluding his sermon, announced the daring robbery that had been committed in Exeter Hall, and availed himself of the circumstance to excite the sympathy of the audience. The consequence was, that a much larger sum than usual was collected to aid the funds of the London Missionary Society.

On Friday morning, I attended an adjourned meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Resolutions were offered of thanks to Dr. Spring, for his sermon delivered on Monday evening; and to present each of the Deputation with a copy of the Narrative of Drs. Reed and Matheson. These, and other resolutions were

supported by eloquent addresses from some of the most distinguished members of the body. Among them, Messrs. James of Birmingham, and Atkins of Southampton, Dr. Redford of Worcester, and Drs. Bennett, Fletcher, Morrison and H. F. Burder of London. The subject of a continued deputation to the American churches was discussed. It was thought, that it should not be more frequent than once in three years.

A pastoral letter, which had been prepared by a committee chosen the preceding year, consisting of Rev. Mr. Kelley, Dr. Raffles and Rev. Mr. Carruthers, was submitted to the meeting. It was an admirable document, and reflected great credit on the author—the Rev. Mr. Kelley.

It was proposed, that a public meeting should be held at the Rev. John Clayton's Chapel in the Poultry, to give an opportunity for the members of the churches and other friends to hear addresses from the American Deputation; and Thursday evening, of the next week, was appointed for the purpose.

The meeting closed rather abruptly, in consequence of the impatience manifested to hear the missionary sermon by Dr. Spring, the appointed time for which had nearly arrived.

The annual meeting of the Congregational

Union of England and Wales is composed of such ministers, and members of independent churches, as may have been previously appointed, or may choose to attend. A book is kept at the door, where every one, who enters the room, enrols his name and place of residence.

There is some want of order and system in doing business, which may be easily accounted for from the recent origin of the Union, and the inexperience of its members. But time and experience will correct the evil, and will lead to the adoption of a system of *rules and orders*, which will much facilitate the transaction of business, as well as greatly promote the economy of time.

It was a rainy day; and a number of the brethren with myself filled one of the omnibuses, which ply from one part of the city to another, and proceeded, very sociably, on our way to Craven Chapel.

Craven Chapel is a large and commodious edifice, which owes its existence to the pious liberality of Thomas Wilson, Esq. the well known Treasurer of Highbury College, and the munificent patron of many religious and benevolent institutions connected with the Dissenting interest. The pulpit of this chapel is, at present, filled by the

Rev. John Liefchild, whose popular talents have drawn around him a numerous congregation, and whose indefatigable labors have been greatly blessed in the conversion of souls. There has been, for some time past, more of the appearance of what would be called in America a *revival of religion* in this place, than in any other congregation in London, unless it be that of the Rev. Dr. Reed, where, during his late absence, and since his return, a more than ordinary seriousness has prevailed, and an unusual number added to the communion of the church.

A combination of circumstances rendered the attendance at Craven Chapel not so large as on the previous services of the missionary festival. It was an extra service, appointed for the purpose of hearing Dr. Spring. It was in a place where no anniversary sermon had ever been preached before. It was on a wet day, when many were prevented attending on account of the weather, and, more than all, it was held at the same hour with the great Anti-Slavery meeting at Exeter Hall, where the well known and far famed Daniel O'Connell, was expected to speak. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, a respectable audience were gratified with an excellent sermon from Dr. Spring—from the words, "*Thy will be done.*"

I thought it my duty, from respect to the Missionary Society, as well as from regard to the preacher, to attend the services at Craven Chapel, rather than the exciting meeting at Exeter Hall.

I was thus spared the pain and mortification I should otherwise have experienced in listening to the reproach cast upon my beloved country by the Irish orator, and the temptation I should undoubtedly have felt, publicly, to have contradicted some of his statements. He should have known that the American States are independent sovereignties, each legislating for itself,—having its own laws and its own government, and that it was out of the power of the national government to interfere with those rights which the States had expressly reserved. He should have known, also, that all the New England, and some of the other States, had long abjured slavery, and held it in as utter detestation as himself; and not considered the whole country and its government responsible for the existence of an evil, which if the tears of thousands in our land could have washed away, would have long since been removed.

This great mistake on the subject of American slavery was not confined to O'Connell, though more inexcusable in him, but appeared to be en-

tertained by numbers whom I heard speak and converse on the subject. My feelings, and those of my brethren, were frequently wounded by allusions to this subject, both in public and in private, and by the unqualified abuse which was heaped upon our country for the toleration of an evil, the existence of which no one could more sincerely lament than ourselves.

That our national government is not wholly guiltless in this thing, I am constrained to acknowledge. While I would vindicate it from the sweeping and indiscriminate condemnation of O'Connell and others, I cannot defend it altogether from the charge of inconsistency. Something it certainly might do towards removing this dreadful evil. Although it has no control over the reserved rights of the several States, it is supposed to have a direct and special legislation over the District of Columbia. Let Congress then without delay, banish the slave dealer and the slave from the city of Washington, and let not the groans of slavery any longer mingle with congressional declamations in favor of liberty and the rights of man.

It is also deeply to be lamented, that in admitting new States into the Union, a bold stand was not taken on the subject of slavery. Had the restriction, which was proposed in the case of

Missouri in 1820, been adopted, the evil might have been checked in a great degree. On all future occasions it is to be hoped that a different policy will be pursued. The subject of slavery in the United States is one of momentous and fearful interest. I tremble, when I think of the possible consequences resulting to the integrity of the Union, and the peace and safety of the community, from the agitation of this question by indiscreet, but well-meaning men. If there ever was a subject that required sound judgment and dispassionate action, it is this. The weapons of this warfare, (for a contest there must and will be,) like those of the gospel, should not be *carnal* but *spiritual*. It is by *light* and *love*, and not by intemperate zeal and fierce recrimination, that the victory is to be won.

While I had to regret the misapprehensions entertained on the subject of American slavery by many whom I met in England, I was happy to know that there were those, who suitably appreciated the difficulties and embarrassments under which we labor in the removal of this acknowledged evil.

The following remarks from the London Quarterly, will commend themselves to those who have well considered this important subject.

"The difficulty in which the vast and increasing population of alien blood involves the government and legislature of America, is *great* and *real;* and it little becomes *Englishmen,* aware, as we all are, by whose act a slave peasantry was first introduced into her territory, to assume a high and disdainful tone of language as to this subject. Least of all, is it either wise or decorous in us to assume such a tone at this particular time. Some obviously and absurdly cruel particulars may be criticised calmly to good purpose; but let us not be too broad and rash in our censures. We have but yesterday emancipated our own West India slaves at an enormous cost, and the results of that experiment are still (to speak gently) extremely doubtful. Let us beware of incurring the suspicion that we are willing to urge our example on the United States from motives not of philanthropy merely, but in part, at least, of mercantile calculation!"

After the meeting at Craven Chapel, we repaired to Highbury, to dine with Thomas Wilson, Esq. whom I have before mentioned as the munificent patron of religious institutions among the Dissenters. His son, Mr. Joshua Wilson, inherits the same spirit, and is distinguished for his theological and antiquarian researches. From Mr.

Wilson's we went to Claremont Chapel to attend the missionary communion. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is the concluding service in the missionary festival, and is administered on Friday evening, in six different places of worship in the metropolis, for the accommodation of the numbers who wish to attend.

Claremont Chapel, in the neighborhood of Islington, is a neat place of worship, and enjoys the ministerial services of the Rev. Mr. Blackburn, one of the secretaries of the Congregational Union. On the present occasion Rev. Mr. Knill presided, and made a solemn address before the distribution of the elements. Several prayers were offered, and addresses were made by Dr. Matheson and myself. It was an unspeakable privilege to sit down at the table of the Lord with so many of the disciples of Jesus, and, among them, some of my old and valued friends in early life.

On Saturday I attended the meeting of the *Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty*, in the City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate street. This Society, though exceedingly necessary and important, is, more or less, political and controversial in its character. The meeting was crowded to excess. The chair was taken by Lord Brougham,

who delivered an animated and eloquent address, in which his desire to regain his popularity by securing the favor and support of the Dissenters, was very apparent. The case of a Mr. Childs, a respectable printer and publisher, who had been recently imprisoned for refusing to pay the church rates, added great interest to the occasion. In the course of the meeting Mr. O'Connell made his appearance, and was received with deafening applause. His speech, which was certainly eloquent, abounded in turns of wit, and play upon words, which excited much laughter. Among the other speakers on this occasion, were Dr. Brown, the treasurer, and John Wilkes, Esq. the secretary of the Society, Rev. Dr. Morrison, Rev. Mr. Stowell, of Rotherham, one of the Professors of the London University, and Dr. Spring. Among the resolutions was one, expressive of the gratification of the meeting in the presence of the American Deputation. The meeting was exceedingly stirring and interesting, but too political and controversial to suit my taste and feelings.

After the meeting was over, my brethren and myself dined with the secretary of the Society, John Wilkes, Esq. at his house in Finsbury Square, in company with Dr. Brown, the Rev. Dr. Reed, and several other friends. Mr. Wilkes,

(the eldest son of the late eccentric Matthew Wilkes,) is a member of the British Parliament, and is distinguished for his efforts to protect the civil rights and religious liberties of the Dissenters.

I returned to my family in Norfolk street, and was happy to spend a quiet Saturday evening, after the incessant attendance on religious anniversaries during the week.

Agreeably to previous engagements, I preached on Sabbath morning, May 17th, for my old and valued friend, Rev. Mr. Lewis of Islington, and in the evening, for Dr. Bennett in Silver Street Chapel, to large and attentive congregations.

On Monday I had the pleasure of dining with the editor and conductors of the Evangelical Magazine, at their room in Messrs. Westley & Davis's bookstore, in Stationer's Court. Besides my American brethren, there were present, on this occasion, the Rev. Drs. Morrison, Reed, J. Fletcher, H. F. Burder and Henderson, and the Rev. Messrs. Collison and Lewis.

Dr. Morrison has the principal charge of the Magazine as editor, and, as a scholar and theologian, is well qualified for the undertaking. He possesses a strong and vigorous mind, with a warm and affectionate heart. In his opinions on the anti-slavery question, and on the great subjects

of ecclesiastical reform which now agitate this community, he is energetic and firm, and is prepared for strong and decisive measures.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Fletcher is one of the most amiable men and popular preachers in the city of London. The suavity of his manners, his rich and varied intellectual furniture, his warm and humble piety, and his pleasing address as a public speaker, render him the object of esteem and love to a large and respectable congregation, and to his numerous friends and admirers. He received his education at the University of Glasgow, and reflects great credit on his alma mater.

Rev. Dr. Henderson, formerly the laborious and successful missionary and agent of the Bible Society in Russia, and now the highly esteemed tutor of Highbury College, and successor to Dr. Bogue in the theological chair, is a gentleman of pleasing manners and popular address. I regretted that the present was the only opportunity I had of enjoying the pleasure of his society.

I was much gratified in renewing my acquaintance with my worthy and esteemed friend, the Rev. George Collison. "Time, which doth all things else impair," seems to have wrought little or no change in him. His head remains unsilvered, and his countenance hale and fresh as ever, and,

more than all, he continues the same amiable, consistent and excellent man that he was when I first had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He is still employed in the arduous but delightful work of training young men for the ministry of reconciliation. Of Drs. Reed and Burder, and my long tried friend, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, I have already spoken, and cannot speak too highly.

On Tuesday the 19th, the Anniversary of the *British and Foreign Temperance Society* was held in Exeter Hall. This meeting I had long anticipated with much interest, not only from the importance of its object, but from its connection with the *parent* institution, (if I may so call it,) in my native land. On other anniversaries, I felt that we were indebted to England for the first suggestions and movements in our religious and benevolent institutions, and I was always ready to acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligation to our father land; but, on this occasion, I was about to attend the meeting of a society in Britain, that owed its existence to a most important and successful effort on the other side of the Atlantic; and I confess my bosom swelled with something like national pride and satisfaction.

At an early hour, Dr. Humphrey and myself repaired to the committee room in Exeter Hall,

and presented our commissions as Delegates from the American Temperance Society. We were received with much cordiality by the officers of the Society, and were introduced to the patron and president, the Lord Bishop of London. He was dressed with great simplicity, without his wig, and distinguished only by a small black apron, (which, by the way, is more becoming in the other sex.)

The meeting was a long time in collecting, and after it commenced, presented but a meagre appearance, when compared with the dense and overflowing assemblies of preceding anniversaries.

The Bishop of London introduced the business of the meeting with a short, but interesting speech, in which he alluded to the origin of the Society, and to the interest he had taken in it from its formation to the present day. He adverted to the opposition and difficulties it had to encounter, and exhorted the members of the Society to continued and persevering exertion.

After the report was read by the secretary, Mr. John Capper, several animated addresses were made by Admiral Brenton, Messrs. Fleetwood and Buckingham, Members of Parliament, the Rev. Mr. Stowell, and the Hon. and Rev. Baptiste Noel, of the established church, Edward Parsons,

Esq. of Leeds, Dr. Matheson and the American Deputation.

Admiral Brenton, the venerable governor of Greenwich Hospital, bore his testimony to the good effected by the Temperance Society in that important institution. He stated that he had circulated the tracts of the Society among the members of the hospital, but in the first instance, not with any very sanguine hopes of success. He thought that, at the utmost, he should not be able to induce above fifty men to join the Society, and from the character of sailors and their long formed habits, he expected that more than one half of these would forfeit their engagement. But he was happy to say, that, from the month of November, 1832, to that day, nearly 700 men had enrolled their names, as members of the Temperance Society. He remarked that for two years and a half, only thirty-seven of them had violated their pledge.

He stated one fact, which illustrates the pernicious influence exerted by the retailers of ardent spirits in England, as well as among us. It was in relation to a description of people on the banks of the Thames, called *coal-whippers*, who were absolutely forced into habits of intemperance. It would hardly be believed, if it were not

thoroughly substantiated, that these men could only get employment through those who keep public houses, (retailers,) and on the condition, before they go to work, that they will drink ardent spirits, and spend nearly half their earnings at the public house at night. Thus they are able to take home but little to their families, except degraded habits, and a love of ardent spirits, to which they are driven because they are obliged to pay for them. There are numbers of benevolent individuals, who would be glad to see a stop put to this species of tyranny and oppression—to a system of *slavery*, worse than that from which the Africans had been redeemed. Abominable as the practice of slavery was, the African was protected as property; but here the individual's constitution is undermined, and in proportion as he is intemperate, so he gets employment.

There is one gentleman, said the Admiral, who has commenced a system of employing coal-whippers without the necessity of their going to a public house; they go immediately to him and get employ, and one of the largest gas companies in London sends that gentleman all their ships. The Admiral himself examined the men and put to them various questions, and they told him that when they never got

above 10s. or 12s. after clearing a ship before, they now carry home upon an average £1. 18s. Admiral Brenton concluded by saying that he did not know that it was possible for the members of the Temperance Society to meet with a more tangible case for the exertion of all their influence. If they were to take up the case, they would see an end put to the worst description of *slavery.*

Peter H. Fleetwood, Esq. M. P. from Preston, then addressed the meeting. Perhaps there is no part of England where the temperance cause has made greater advances than in *Preston* and its vicinity. The honorable member stated that in a town of only 6,000 inhabitants, there were 1,500 members of the Temperance Society—and that nine out of eleven spirit or beer houses had been closed. He expressed a wish that there might be an ordinance from the British government that no ship in the navy should be permitted to have spirits on board, except as a medicine. He mentioned a striking fact connected with the merchant vessels trading from the Baltic to Liverpool. A large ship owner in Liverpool wrote to his agents to know why his vessels were lying idle, unable to procure freight. It was stated in reply, that so long as there were American ships there which prohibited the use of ardent spirits, the merchants

preferred sending their cargoes by them rather than by British vessels which carried spirits.

Rev. Dr. Matheson then addressed the meeting and gave an interesting account of his late visit to the United States, and of the wonderful success of the temperance cause in that country.

Rev. Mr. Stowell, who is a most stirring and vehement orator, made a most powerful impression on the audience, and related many characteristic and amusing anecdotes. He mentioned a circumstance which took place in the neighborhood of a Sunday school in Manchester. "A spinner, who lived near the church, was very much opposed to religion, and was also of intemperate habits. He used to stand at the door of his cottage, when the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath school passed, for the purpose of insulting them. The teachers held a meeting for the purpose of consulting what should be done with him. Some one proposed to inform against him to the magistrates. Two of them went to see him, and told him that he must go with them to the meeting of the Temperance Society; or they would complain of him to the civil authority. With no higher motive than a desire to avoid a prosecution, he accompanied them to the meeting. He was powerfully impressed with the statements he heard at the meet-

ing—a flood of light broke in upon his mind, and he exclaimed, 'What have I been about? What a fool and madman have I been?' At the next meeting he subscribed the temperance pledge, and became a zealous supporter of the cause of temperance. He was soon led to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, in its life giving power, and was admitted, after examination, to the table of the Lord, and became a Sunday school teacher in that very Sunday school he had so grossly insulted.

"Some time after this, a person was wanted to superintend a large spinning establishment in Prussia. This man was applied to, and accepted the appointment. One Sabbath morning his employer came to him and said, 'John, why is the mill stopped, and all the workmen idle?' 'Sir,' said John, 'I never work on the Sabbath.' 'But,' said his master, 'it is the custom here, and every one works on the Sabbath.' 'Well, sir,' replied the workman, 'you may turn me out of employment, but I cannot work on the Sabbath.' The master left the room in a rage, but he soon cooled, and came back and said, 'Very well, John, it shall be as you please. The mill shall be stopped on the Sabbath.'"

The Hon. and Rev. Baptiste W. Noel then addressed the meeting. His object was to reply

to some popular objections that had been urged against the Temperance Society. The Society had been accused of interfering with one of the few pleasures of laboring people. 'Interfere,' said he, 'with their pleasures! Can any one hear such an objection without feeling a sense of humiliation for human nature? Interfere with their pleasures! What do they mean by telling us so? Must we let the gin drinker continue his pleasure and pursue his hateful vice, till his head is harder than a millstone? Let him pursue his pleasure till he has broken the heart of her, who was the companion of his youth, and who ought to be the dearest of his pleasures! Let him pursue his pleasure till he can look with a dry and tearless eye on the children who ask him for bread, or perhaps beat them because they have the natural infirmity of hunger! Let him pursue his pleasure till his limbs are crippled, his face emaciated, and his heart withered! There are pleasures so debasing, that they deserve not the name; there are pleasures which every good man hates; and he, who loves his species, will ever be found foremost in suppressing them, for the purpose of introducing real happiness, a purer and more substantial joy, and which, on a dying pillow may be looked back upon without remorse.'

The eloquent speaker in concluding his address, indulged his fancy in drawing a beautiful picture of the happy results that would arise from the success of the Temperance Reformation. 'I would see,' said he, 'Primrose Hill (a place of resort in the neighborhood of London) crowded with temperance tents; I would see all the members of the Society marching in deep columns, looking so respectable, so temperate; I would gladly see our Monarch himself, at the head of the review, looking upon that part of his subjects on which he might most depend in every emergency. What a strong and beautiful contrast would there be between the members of this Society, who should march under a banner on which Temperance was inscribed on the one side and Religion on the other, and those who should turn out of the haunts of gin palaces! O what contrast is there between the splendor of the house and the misery of the customer! What a bitter sigh involuntarily escapes the drunken, when they should see the temperate arriving, band after band, at the scene of their encampment! I can believe that if some malignant spirit were allowed to hover over the scene, it would be compelled, as the prophet of old was when he looked upon the multitudes around, to exclaim, "How goodly are

thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel." Or, if there were another class I would see parade through the streets, that it might act upon the imaginations of those who are engaged in this dreadful vice, I should like, by some mysterious and irresistible energy, (for I suppose no other could bring it about,) to bring the poor little ones, tattered and weeping and wan, even in childhood, from all those tenements where drunkards live, into the streets; and I would have the noble, and the titled, and the rich, and *the ministers of religion*, who stand aloof from this Society, drawn up in their thousands, and see how they would gaze upon these little ones, as they marched through the line of the noble and the titled and the wealthy and the reverend. I would say to them, What do you mean to do to rescue these little ones? How can you save them from the daily, hourly misery to which the drunkenness of the parent exposes them? Or if there be another class still, which I would rather see brought before the eyes of their assembled countrymen, it would be composed of such as that reclaimed workman, who was once engaged in insulting those who wished well to their fellow men, but is now occupied in devoting his time on the Sabbath day to make his fellow workmen happy for time and for eternity. I

would collect the thousands that had been rescued by means of this institution; and if we could but fix the gaze of those thousands in society yet devoted to vice, it might so act on their imagination, that by hundreds and thousands they would flock to the standard of this institution.'

The secretary of the Society, Mr. Capper, here read to the meeting the following document.

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Society, held in Boston, Massachusetts, on the eighth day of December, 1834, it was

"*Voted*, That the Rev. John Codman, D. D., of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and the Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D., President of Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts, be, and they hereby are, appointed Delegates to represent the American Temperance Society, at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, to be holden in London in May 1835; and in all other meetings of Temperance Societies and friends of temperance, which they may be permitted to attend during their absence from the United States.

"Attest, E. HALE, Jr.,

"*Sec'y of the Exec. Com. and Rec. Sec. of the Am. Temp. Soc.*"

We then severally addressed the meeting, and were received with great courtesy and kindness. My colleague was at home and in his element, and entered into some interesting statistical details of the temperance reformation in the United States. His speech on this occasion has been transferred to some of our own public prints, and will be read with interest, by the numerous friends of the Temperence Society in the United States.

J. S. Buckingham, Esq. who is distinguished for his advocacy of the Temperance cause, both in and out of parliament, made a most eloquent speech, in which he alluded very courteously to the presence of the American Deputation, and professed his readiness to co-operate with us in all our efforts to promote the temperance reformation.

The speech of Mr. Edward Parsons of Leeds, was rendered interesting from *peculiar circumstances*, to which he himself alluded in bearing his testimony to two great facts. The first fact was, that intemperance is the greatest evil in the world; the second was, that its progress and ravages can only be successfully counteracted by the practical application of the Temperance Society.

Mr. P. was a few years since a popular Dis-

senting minister in London. He was obliged to quit his profession, and retire to private life. He is now a reclaimed and sober man, and felt it his duty to bear his public testimony to the beneficial influence of the Temperance Society.

The last speech was made by the Rev. John Williams, who gave some valuable information respecting the temperance cause in the South Sea islands.

I have been thus particular in giving an account of this anniversary, as every thing relating to the subject of temperance will be interesting to its numerous friends in the United States.

On the platform I noticed many excellent and distinguished men, and several there and in the hall with the broad brimmed hat and the quaker bonnet. As a society, the *Friends* are always ready to patronize and encourage every benevolent and philanthropic effort to alleviate the condition of suffering humanity; and I believe, in that day when every one shall be rewarded according to his works, many of them will be found among that happy number, who, in the persons of his disciples, visited the Saviour in prison, and administered to his necessities.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, a name that deserves to be associated with that of the immortal Howard, in

the records of philanthropy, has taken a deep and lively interest in the cause of temperance. She obtained the countenance and support of Sir Robert Peel, while chancellor of the exchequer, for the establishment of libraries at the several coast-guard stations in the kingdom, and at her solicitation a grant of the publications of the temperance society has been made in furtherance of her enlightened project. Much good is anticipated from the opportunity thus afforded of disseminating the principles of the Society.

I confess I was much disappointed in not seeing more of my Dissenting brethren present at this important anniversary. Why they should absent themselves from a meeting that ought to be strictly national and impartial, I could not divine. I heard some of their names mentioned in the list of the Society's committee, but I looked in vain for them on the platform. There are some honorable exceptions to the indifference that seems to pervade the Dissenting community on this subject. The Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith has from the beginning taken a lively interest in the temperance cause, and by his elevated station and distinguished character much good may be expected from the noble stand he has taken in favor of total abstinence. Still, as a body, the members of the

Congregational Union, I regret to say, are behind their brethren in the Establishment, in their efforts to promote this philanthropic and benevolent cause. Much good might be done by their combined energies in passing resolutions at their annual meetings, and by recommending the formation of temperance societies in all their congregations. It is sincerely to be hoped that this important subject will engage their attention at their future meetings; and that, as they are forward in other good works, they will not be backward in this labor of love. These hints, should they ever meet their eye, will, I doubt not, be received, as they are intended to be given, in the spirit of Christian and fraternal love.

No one, I think, who visits the British Metropolis, will fail to be struck with the unblushing effrontery with which the monster *Intemperance* presents himself to the public notice, and solicits their patronage and support in his splended *palaces of gin*. These are what used to be vulgarly called *dram-shops*, and are now dignified by a more noble and pompous appellation. And they are not denominated *palaces* without reason. They are large and commodious shops, fitted up in the most extensive and splendid style for the retail of ardent spirits and malt liquor. The barrels, con-

taining the noxious mixture, are painted and labelled in the neatest and most attractive manner. The bar, from which it is retailed in glasses as low as a half-penny each, is ornamented in the most gaudy and extravagant style, and the whole extensive apartment, especially when lighted up with gas of an evening, with the additional attraction of an illuminated clock, presents a most brilliant and imposing appearance. Notwithstanding all this foolish expenditure, the owners of these establishments find it for their interest thus to gild the poisonous pill. Many of them, it is said, have retired from business with ample fortunes, and are now rioting upon the wealth amassed from the ruin of their fellow men in body, soul, and estate.

One of the speakers at the anniversary meeting (Rev. Mr. Stowell) stated,—that he was told upon credible authority—authority which he could not doubt—that there drives to one of the leading dram-shops in the metropolis, a coach and four in great splendor, on the pannel of which is inscribed with unblushing effrontery—

> "Who would have thought it
> That *gin* should have bought it."

'Ah! who would have thought it? Who can

tell what ruined fortunes—what broken hearts—what widows' sorrows—what orphan children's tears—what daring atrocities—what foul murders—what dreadful suicides—have gone to launch that splendid equipage?' "O my soul come not thou into their secret, into their assembly mine honor be not thou united."

We were told by a friend, who stood on a Sabbath morning, opposite one of these receptacles of sin and misery, watching the ingress and egress of its visitors, that he counted fifty persons, in one minute, coming out of the place, having taken their morning dram; and by another, that not less than fifty pounds sterling, are sometimes taken on a Sabbath morning in one of these haunts of vice and misery, in sums not exceeding a penny. Among all the dreadful instances of intemperance that were too common in our own country, previous to the temperance reformation, nothing I think could compare with statements like these.

I could not but be struck with the amazing difference in the habits of temperance, between those parts of the Continent which I visited during the last winter, and the British Isles. It was so rare an occurrence to meet with an instance of intoxication in the streets and roads, through

which we passed in France and Italy, that I have not, at the present moment, a distinct recollection of a single individual case; whereas I cannot number the instances of beastly intemperance I met with in the streets of London, and in different parts of the United Kingdom.

The practice of holding Fairs on certain days of the week or month in different towns and villages, is very injurious to public morals. In the excursions which we made into various parts of the kingdom, we were, not unfrequently, the unwilling spectators and auditors of those bustling, noisy and fantastic scenes of merriment and confusion. The puppet-show and merry-andrew travel about in their itinerary caravans from village to village, and draw the wondering attention of the rustic crowd. The beer glass and gin bottle circulate freely on these occasions; and the light jest, the loud laugh and the unsteady gait of the excited multitude, betray the inebriating influence of the subtle poison.

While it is deeply to be regretted that so little is done to check these alarming evils, I am happy to bear testimony to what a few of the friends of temperance have done and are doing in this work of benevolence and mercy.

The Honorable Mr. Buckingham, with a zeal

and ability which does him great honor, has not only called the attention of the British Parliament to this important subject, but has gone from city to city, and from village to village, in the true spirit of a temperance missionary, to enlighten the public mind, and to excite the zeal and rouse the efforts of the friends of temperance.

Other like minded and public spirited individuals are delivering addresses on the subject in different parts of the kingdom; and meetings are held from time to time by the various temperance associations, for the furtherance of their benevolent and praiseworthy designs.

While we were in London, my colleague and myself received a very cordial invitation from Mr. William Wardlaw, secretary of the Glasgow Temperance Society, to visit that city and to hold a public meeting. I regretted that my very short stay in Scotland prevented my acceding to that arrangement; but measures were taken to secure the attendance and services of Dr. Humphrey, who was not so limited in time.

Dr. Humphrey has been, and I trust will be still more useful in awakening the attention of the British public to this great subject; but it is impossible for a Deputation, who have other objects to engage their attention, and are limited to a very

short absence from their duties at home, to do much to promote the temperance reform.

The meeting of the Temperance Society was continued to a late hour; and, in descending the stairs from the Hall, we met the friends of the *Home Missionary Society*, collecting together to attend, in the same place, the anniversary of that institution. We hastened to our lodgings, which were but a short distance, and, after having refreshed ourselves with a hasty cup of tea, returned to the place of meeting, which was, by that time, overflowing, and, with difficulty, I found a place on the platform.

When we entered, the chairman was in the midst of his introductory speech, which was protracted to an unreasonable length. It was succeeded by a long report by the secretary of the Society, the Rev. William Henry. Several animated addresses then followed, by the Rev. John Liefchild, Rev. Mr. Sherman of Reading, Drs. Fletcher and Matheson, and others.

Near the close of the meeting, it devolved on me, as the Delegate from the American Home Missionary Society, to address the meeting. I was received with the utmost kindness and cordiality. But the time was gone—my own strength, which had been taxed by eight or nine hours' attendance

in that place, with a very brief intermission, was exhausted, and I was able, only, to express the satisfaction I enjoyed in meeting my brethren on such an occasion, and in offering to the meeting the congratulations and best wishes of the Society I had the honor to represent.

The Home Missionary Society is a very important institution to the interests of the independent churches, and has a strong place in the affections of the ministers and people of that denomination. It is capable, however, of great and important improvements. It wants, like many other societies in England, an individual entirely devoted to its interests, who would give his whole time and talents to the business of the institution, and to the important work of visiting the churches, and rousing them to greater efforts in raising funds for its more extensive usefulness.

The present worthy secretary, the Rev. Mr. Henry, is minister of an independent congregation in Tooting, in the neighborhood of London, and his attention is necessarily divided between the labors of his pastoral charge and the business of the Society. If this institution would do all the good, of which it is capable, (and it is capable of promoting, to a very great extent, the religious interests of the independent Dissenters,) it must

have a man *exclusively* devoted to it. This is one principal cause of the greater success of similar institutions in the United States.

With the anniversary of the Home Missionary Society closed the series of anniversary meetings, which called for my official attendance in London. Such was the pressure of engagements, that I found it impracticable to attend all the anniversaries that occur at this interesting season, some of which were held simultaneously, in different parts of the city.

The anniversary of the Peace Society was held on the same evening with that of the Home Missionary Society and was attended by my colleague, Dr. Humphrey.

The Religious Tract Society was held at such a distance from our residence, and at such an early hour, that I was prevented from attending it. That, and the Christian Instruction Society are among the most interesting and important societies in the metropolis; and it would have given me much pleasure, had it been in my power to have attended them. Dr. Spring and the Rev. Mr. Baird, however, attended the Tract meeting, and gave the necessary information of the successful efforts of the transatlantic institution.

In reviewing these interesting seasons we are led to compare them with similar meetings in our

own country. They are certainly, more stirring and exciting, but they are less solemn and impressive. The repeated cries of *hear*, *hear*, and the shouts of applause with which a British audience cheer their favorite speakers, while they enliven and stimulate the extemporaneous declaimer, tend rather to embarrass the calm deliverer of a premeditated address.

At the same time, it must be acknowledged that a little more excitement in an American audience would tend to enliven the meeting. Some of the happiest efforts of eloquence are undoubtedly occasioned by the marked and decided approbation of an audience, and—if the expression of applause could be restrained within the bounds of moderation, I am not sure, but the custom of occasional cheering might be introduced to advantage on an American platform.

There is a practice prevalent in England, which gave me much pain, and I hope never to see introduced on similar occasions in America. It is that of the free use of stimulating liquors at their public meetings. On a table on the platform are placed decanters of wine, large glasses of which are handed to the speakers and others, sometimes, though not always diluted with water. It is considered, though very erroneously, a necessary refreshment. Another custom, which strikes an American with

great surprise, is the habit of offering similar refreshment to the preacher, immediately after he comes down from the pulpit. This practice, I regret to say, is almost universal. I took the liberty, frequently, to remonstrate with my English brethren on the impropriety and inconsistency of these customs. They had thought them necessary and proper; but I am persuaded they will be open to conviction, and be induced to relinquish them.

These customs, which now strike an American so unfavorably, it ought to be remembered, might have been viewed by him with indifference, a few years since. We are in advance of our English brethren, on the subject of temperance; while, on many other subjects, they are in the advance of us. Twenty years ago an English traveller might have noticed on the sideboards of his American friends, (not excepting the ministers of the gospel,) bottles of brandy or gin or Jamaica spirits, with the sugar bowl and pitcher of hot water, and been very cordially invited to partake of the refreshment. Such customs are gone by, we trust forever; and we hope, and confidently believe, that the practises, here adverted to, as now prevailing in England, will soon follow them, and be numbered among the things that have ceased to be.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON.

We received during our short residence in London, much kindness and attention from our Christian friends. We were repeatedly invited to visit them, and, as soon as our more public engagements were closed, we were happy to avail ourselves of their hospitality, and to mingle in the social circle, and share the pleasures of domestic life.

My old and valued friends in Islington were unremitted in their endeavors to promote our comfort and happiness. We also received particular civility from many of the Dissenting ministers and the leading members of their churches. I dined, on Wednesday, with Mr. Morley, one of Dr. Burder's deacons, and, at his hospitable mansion, met many esteemed and

valued friends. Mr. M. is surrounded, not only by an amiable family, but by those temporal comforts, which render an English residence in the vicinity of London so peculiarly desirable.

The evening of the next day was the time appointed for the interview of the American Deputation with the churches connected with the Congregational Union. In the afternoon, my family and myself took tea with Mr. Houston, one of the members of Mr. J. Clayton's congregation, where we met with a most agreeable coterie of Christian friends, consisting, besides our excellent host and hostess, of the Rev. Henry Townley, George Bennett, Esq., Rev. Dr. Fletcher, and the Rev. John Clayton ; with several ladies.

Mr. Townley's benign and expressive countenance is indicative of the purity and serenity of his mind. Several years ago he went to India, at his own expense, as a missionary of the London Missionary Society, accompanied by Mrs. Townley, who possesses a like missionary spirit, and is eminently devoted to the cause of Christ. On his return to England, he accepted an invitation from an independent congregation in Spitalfields, where he now labors with comfort and success.

George Bennett, Esq., is the surviving member of the Deputation from the London Missionary

Society to the South Sea Islands. His colleague, the Rev. Mr. Tyerman, it will be recollected, died at Madagascar. The narrative of their mission has been read with lively interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Bennett is a warm hearted and excellent man, and we were indebted to him for many kind attentions.

Of the Rev. Dr. Fletcher I have already spoken. He was, on this occasion, the same delightful companion as ever.

The Rev. John Clayton, Jr., the highly esteemed pastor of the Poultry Chapel, whom I have, also, had occasion to mention before, possesses a well balanced and cultivated mind, and enjoys, in a high degree, the esteem and confidence of his brethren and the community.

After tea, we proceeded together to the Chapel, which was but a short distance, and which we found filled and overflowing. The meeting was to me one of tender and affecting interest. I deeply felt the responsibilities that rested upon my brethren and myself, who were expected to occupy the principal part of the attention of the audience.

The exercises were introduced with singing, and a very appropriate prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith. The Rev. John Blackburn, one of the

secretaries of the Congregational Union, then read the commissions and testimonials of the American Deputation, and very kindly and affectionately introduced us to the meeting. I then ascended the pulpit, and addressed the audience for about twenty-five or thirty minutes. The situation in which I stood, as an accredited representative of the Congregational Churches of New England, the lineal descendants of a Puritan ancestry, who left the land of their Fathers, that they might enjoy, without molestation, the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, was one of no common occurrence; and the fact that I should never meet that large congregation again, till assembled with countless millions at the judgment seat of Christ, affected my own mind in no ordinary degree. I poured out my heart in the presence of my Christian brethren and sisters, strangers indeed in the flesh, but united, as I trust, in the spirit, and I felt in my own soul the vibration of a cord, which assured me of the sympathetic sensibilities of my audience.

I was succeeded by my colleague, Dr. Humphrey, who occupied about the same length of time. His unaffected simplicity, his plain good sense, and his intellectual power, could not fail to

convince the assembly that they were listening to "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

The exercises were then relieved by singing, and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher.

Dr. Spring made the concluding address in his usually solemn and impressive manner. He dwelt upon the responsibilities of British Christians in the present interesting period of the world, and urged, with great power, the duties of the people of God, in both hemispheres, to unite together for the conversion of the world.

The blessing of Heaven was then supplicated upon the services—and the Deputation, with their families and flocks, commended to the guidance and protection of the great Head of the church, by the Rev. Dr. Burder.

The impression left on my own mind by this meeting was such as time will never efface. It will remain associated with the pleasing recollections of my visit to the churches in the father land, as long as "life and being last, or immortality endures."

The next day I accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Bateman, Jr., near Finsbury Square. Mr. Bateman is connected with the Tabernacle church, Moorfields, originally built for Mr. Whitfield, and till recently, for many years occupied by

the eccentric Matthew Wilkes. Its present pastor is the Rev. Mr. Campbell, whom I met at Mr. Bateman's, with a large number of respected friends; among them Mr. Bateman, senior, Mr. Piper, Dr. Reed, Mr. Liefchild, and Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnel. Much interesting conversation took place on the comparative peculiarities of the English and American pulpit and on other important subjects.

The Rev. Mr. Bull, who lives within a few miles of Olney, the former residence of the lamented Cowper, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him, and promised to accompany us to Olney, and show us the interesting scenes endeared by the poet's memory. I had confidently expected to have availed myself of his kindness—but our disappointed expectation remains among the regrets, occasioned by our hurried departure from England.

On Saturday, Mrs. C. and myself dined with the Rev. Dr. Burder, at Hackney. We met there a very pleasant party and our time passed rapidly in agreeable and profitable conversation.

Dr. Burder has been twice married. His first wife, and the mother of his children, was the daughter of the late Joseph Hardcastle, Esq., well known to the religious world as the first treasurer

of the London Missionary Society. His portrait, together with that of the venerable George Burder, the long tried and useful secretary of the same institution, hang side by side in the doctor's parlor, and are, by no means, the least interesting articles of furniture in his well-furnished dwelling. The present Mrs. Burder, who was the daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Taylor, a Dissenting minister, is admirably well suited for the duties of her station; and while she relieves her husband from the pressure of domestic cares, is eminently well qualified to assist him in the more important duties of his sacred calling. An only daughter, and three sons, compose the remainder of this interesting family, with whom it was my happiness to spend many hours of social and Christian intercourse.

The next day was the Sabbath, and I preached for Dr. Reed in the morning. His chapel, which is a modern one, is large and commodious, and remarkably well attended. The construction of this, and similar places of worship, in England, is admirably well adapted for the accommodation both of the preacher and the hearers. The pulpit, which will hold only one, and not an association of ministers, like some of the pulpits in New England, is so placed as to afford the speaker the opportunity of looking all the congregration in the

eye, which is of great advantage to the preacher who depends not upon a written sermon, but upon his recollection, and the excitement of the occasion, for producing an effect upon the audience.

It is, almost, the universal custom for Dissenting ministers, of the independent denomination in England, to preach without notes, (that is without reading, for many of them use short notes like a lawyer's brief.) There is, certainly, much to be said in favor of this practice. It is, without doubt, a more popular method of preaching than the habit of reading sermons, as those preachers are most followed who adopt it. It tends to give the speaker self-possession, and to lead him to cultivate the habit of extemporaneous speaking, which is of no small importance in this day of platform declamation and field preaching. It may also give the minister more time to attend to the cultivation of his mind, and general study, although the fact, that the time, thus redeemed, is generally thus improved, is very questionable. I have been inclined to think that the practice of writing sermons, which prevails among the educated clergy of the United States, instead of weakening the intellectual power, and lessening the general stock of knowledge and information, by occupying too great a proportion of time, has a direct tendency to

strengthen the intellect, to encourage habits of study, and to counteract that propensity to indolence and inactivity, so natural to the human mind; and, although I have the greatest respect for the independent Dissenting ministers of England, and am not conscious of an overweening and undue partiality for my own denomination in the United States,—I cannot but think, that those ministers in America who are in the habit of writing and reading their sermons, would not suffer in comparison, both as to their classical and scientific attainments, their theological learning and their general usefulness, with their more ready and fluent brethren in the father land. Nor can I believe, with my esteemed and beloved brother, Dr. Reed, in his remarks on this subject in his narrative, that "this practice is undoubtedly prejudicial to the interests of the people." So far as my knowledge extends, there is no people better informed on the subject of religion, and more unexceptionable in their piety and in their morals, than the people of New England and Scotland, in both which countries the habit of writing sermons very generally prevails. The sermons, which they hear and which have an influence upon their character as a people, may be less animated and hortatory, and perhaps less eloquent than those

among the English Dissenters; but they are more systematic, more doctrinal, and more instructive. Both methods, however, have their advantages, and happy is the preacher who can combine them in his pulpit ministrations.

In the evening I preached for Dr. Burder, and spent the night at his hospitable mansion, that I might be in season to avail myself of the kind invitation of Mr. G. Bennett, who lives in the neighborhood, to breakfast with him and a select party of Christian friends on Monday morning.

We rose at an early hour, and Dr. Burder and myself walked through the beautiful green lanes, and the enclosure containing the monuments of the dead connected with the parish church of Hackney, to Mr. Bennett's residence, where we found, already assembled, a number of invited guests. Mr. Bennett is unmarried, and resides in private lodgings, with a Christian family of great respectability.

Besides my brethren of the Deputation, there were present on this occasion, Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith, Rev. John Clayton, Rev. George Collison, Rev. Henry Townley, Rev. Dr. Burder, Messrs. Morley and Charles, and though last mentioned, not least interesting to us who had heard of his fame, and read with delight his admirable poems,

the talented, the humble, the devout James Montgomery. Before breakfast we engaged in the solemn and delightful exercises of family worship. After reading a portion of Scripture, with brief and pertinent remarks by Dr. Smith, and singing one of Montgomery's beautiful hymns, we were led in our addresses to the throne of grace by my esteemed colleague Dr. Humphrey.

At the breakfast table, much interesting conversation ensued, in which there was great union and harmony of sentiment. I was gratified to find, not only with regard to the particular subjects of discussion, but in reference to important doctrines connected with them, a reluctance, both in the English and American brethren, to embrace novelties in religion, and a strong disposition to adhere to the long received form of sound words, as expressive of the faith once delivered to the saints.

We separated about 12 o'clock, and having made an arrangement with Mr. Bennett to call, with his friend Montgomery, on my family, I returned to our lodgings in Norfolk street, Strand, where I found those gentlemen, who had arrived a few minutes before me. My family were delighted to see and converse with a poet, of whom they had heard and read so much, and were charmed with his unaffected simplicity of manners and con-

versation. He kindly wrote the following impromptu, in my daughter's Album.

MOTTO FOR THE BIBLE.

"Behold the Book, whose leaves display
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way.
Read it with diligence and care,
Search it, for you will find Him there."

It is the union of genius and religion that constitutes the charm in the character of this admirable man. It is impossible to be long in his society without feeling something of that holy influence which the presence of a humble and devoted Christian is apt to inspire. I shall ever regard the short acquaintance I was so happy as to form with him, as among the most interesting reminiscences of my European tour.

I dined this day, in company with my colleagues, at the Rev. Dr. Fletcher's. Here we met with a select and highly respectable party of ministerial brethren and others, and passed our time in a pleasant and I trust profitable manner.

Some of our friends at Hackney had made arrangements for us to spend a day in the country; and, accordingly, on Tuesday morning, we repaired to Mr. Charles's, of Hackney, where we found carriages waiting to convey us into the country.

Our party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Reed, Dr. Spring and his daughter, Dr. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles and several of their friends. The weather was unfavorable, but the arrangements having been previously made, it was too late to alter them, and we rode forwards to Epping forest, a distance of ten or twelve miles. The scenery through which we passed, was delightful indeed, and wanted nothing but a bright sun to render it perfectly lovely. We were hospitably received at a beautiful cottage in Chigwell row, belonging to Mr. Annesley, one of the party, where we stopped some time to obtain refreshment, and to admire the grounds and the prospect.

On our return, we visited the London Orphan Asylum, an admirably well regulated and useful institution, which owes its existence, and much of its prosperity, to the philanthropic spirit and indefatigable labors of our excellent friend, Dr. Reed. Between three and four hundred children are here fed, clothed, and educated. The extensive apartments, both culinary, dormitory, and domestic, through which we severally passed, are kept with the most perfect neatness and order. We attended evening prayers in the chapel connected with the institution. The chaplain of the asylum is a clergyman of the established church. The service

was rendered peculiarly interesting, by the plain and evangelical exposition of the scripture lessons adapted to the capacities of children, and by the distinct responses of children's voices with which it was interspersed.

We returned at a late hour, to Mr. Charles's, where we dined, and spent the evening with a large number of Christian friends.

Most of our time, for several days, was spent in visiting friends, and in returning some of the numerous calls we had received.

On Thursday, we dined in company with our American friends at the Rev. George Clayton's in Walworth. This accomplished and excellent man received us with his usual courtesy. We were happy to find in Mrs. Clayton, a warm and decided advocate of the temperance reformation. Few persons are more beloved and more useful in their congregations than Mr. and Mrs. Clayton. They live for their people, and their people return their efforts and sacrifices for their good, with the most entire esteem and cordial affection.

After dinner, Mr. Clayton accompanied us to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in the vicinity of his house, where we were gratified with the sight of a fine collection of animals, and other curiosities, both natural and artificial. On our return to Mr.

Clayton's, the evening was concluded with prayer and praise.

The succeeding Sabbath we spent with Mr. C. Sharp and his family, who are members of Mr. Clayton's congregation. Mr. Clayton preached in the morning, and I occupied the pulpit in the afternoon. In the evening we went to hear Mr. Melville, a distinguished clergyman of the established church, who preaches at Camden Chapel. Mr. Melville preaches every Sabbath evening, and is attended by a crowded audience. Through the politeness of a friend, who attends that place of worship, we found no difficulty in obtaining a seat.

The subject of Mr. Melville's discourse was *the unpardonable sin*, which he considered as consisting in the wilful rejection and contempt of Christianity. He supposed that it was not confined, as many think, to the apostolic age, but might be committed at the present day. His sermon, which was read, was well written and forcibly delivered. His style and manner bore a very striking resemblance to that of Dr. Chalmers.

We returned at a late hour to our lodgings; and thus closed another of the days of the Son of man. How difficult is it to spend the Sabbath, as we could wish, in a foreign land! There is an una-

voidable dissipation of mind, occasioned by moving from place to place, and by the absence of those customary helps in our own study and closet, that is exceedingly unfavorable to habits of devotion and spirituality of mind; and I fear there is too much truth in the remark of Jeremy Taylor, that "no one can be devout, who leads a wandering life." Surely, the traveller from home needs a more than ordinary share of the grace of God to enable him to resist the manifold temptations by which he is surrounded, and to hold fast the steadfastness of his Christian principle firm unto the end.

Mr. Piper, one of the leading members of Mr. Binney's congregation, whom I had met several times, and who had taken a lively interest in the American Deputation, had kindly proposed to gratify us with a visit to several of the important benevolent institutions of the metropolis and the vicinity. He accordingly called early on Monday morning, with two coaches, to commence the day by an excursion to Mill Hill.

Our party consisted, besides my own family, of Dr. Humphrey, Dr. Spring and his daughter, Mrs. and Miss White, Mr. and Miss Piper, and Rev. Mr. Binney. Mr. Binney is highly esteemed, not only by his congregation, but by his

denomination generally. He is undoubtedly a man of superior talent, possessing much originality and discrimination of mind. We found him, on this occasion, an interesting and instructive companion.

The weather was again unfavorable, but, in every other respect, the ride was delightful. A couple of hour's drive brought us to Mill Hill, a beautiful and elevated spot, on which stands the extensive and commodious establishment for the education of the children of the Dissenters.

This school is now under the parental and fostering superintendence of the Rev. William Clayton, who is admirably qualified, by the urbanity and suavity of his manners, for the duties of his station. He received us with great cordiality, and we soon sat down with Mrs. and Miss Clayton, to a substantial breakfast, for which our ride had given us a keen appetite.

After breakfast, Mr. Clayton conducted us over the building, which is exceedingly well adapted for the purpose, and over the grounds, which are laid out with great neatness and propriety, and command a most extensive and variegated prospect. The boys, about eighty in number, were then collected in the hall, to receive an address from each of the American Deputation, which was

given in a style adapted to their capacities, and designed to make a permanent religious impression. From the deep and lively interest with which the youthful assembly listened to the remarks of their transatlantic friends, I cannot but hope that we shall be remembered by them long after our return to America, and perhaps long after our removal to another world. This school has furnished the elementary education of some of the most distinguished men in Great Britain, and is justly ranked among the first and most important academical institutions in the land.

We left Mr. Clayton and his youthful charge, highly gratified with the appearance of the institution, and returned to town to visit, on the other side of the metropolis, the Asylums for the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb.

The Asylum for the Blind, in Blackfriar's road, is a large and important institution, but did not equal my expectations. It appeared to me much inferior to the blind school in Liverpool, which I visited with much interest some years since. But if my expectations were not met by the appearance of the Blind Asylum, they were more than answered by the wonderful success attending the efforts to make the dumb to speak, which I witnessed with admiration at the Deaf and Dumb

Asylum. This institution, which owes its existence to my old and excellent friend, the late Rev. John Townsend, of Bermondsey, whose fine bust graces one of the apartments, is in successful operation.

Many years ago, I visited the Abbe Sicard's institution in Paris, and also Mr. Braidwood's in London, and I have known something of the progress of a similar institution in Hartford, in the United States, and have rejoiced in their success in imparting to an unhappy class of our fellow beings, the important resources of a general, and even refined education, through the instrumentality of reading and writing, and the knowledge of many of the arts; but I had never supposed it possible that human ingenuity and talent could so far overcome the obstacles of nature, as to enable the individual who is an entire stranger to sound from his birth, to speak in a voice audible to every one but himself, and to maintain a regular and continuous conversation; yet this I heard with my own ears, in repeated instances, in this institution. I held myself a conversation of several minutes with a well informed and intelligent man, who never heard the sound of his own or another's voice, and was astonished at the readiness and propriety with which he answered my questions, in a voice too that was by no means disagreeable,

though perhaps not altogether natural. I have seen no object of public interest more deserving the attention of the benevolent traveller than this, and I would advise every one in visiting London, not to fail to see the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

The day was now drawing to a close, and we hastened from the Asylum to Mr. Piper's delightful and hospitable residence, on Denmark Hill, about four miles distant from the city, where Mrs. Piper and several invited guests awaited us at dinner. The table was profusely, if not sumptuously supplied, and the well furnished house and cultivated grounds indicated that *ease and comfort*, so peculiar not only to the nobility and gentry, but to the respectable and wealthy tradesmen of old England.

Mr. Piper is by profession a builder, or stone mason, on a large scale, and has apparently amassed a handsome property, which he takes pleasure in expending, not only for his own comfort, but for the gratification of his friends, and the promotion of religious and benevolent objects.

This delightful day and evening was closed with devotional exercises around the domestic altar, and our host did not cease his hospitality, until he had sent us safely to our lodgings in Norfolk street, Strand.

The special object of my mission to England having been accomplished, we hastened to attend to some of our secondary plans, in visiting different parts of England, Scotland and Wales. Before leaving London, we were happy in the opportunity of attending the anniversary of the charity children in St. Paul's Cathedral. This was the third time I had witnessed this most delightful spectacle; but to the younger members of my family it was new and full of interest. We were highly favored in obtaining, through the kindness of friends, tickets, that admitted us to the best seats within the spacious dome, which was entirely lined with benches rising upon benches, and filled with the little objects of charitable education, dressed in the neat and beautiful uniforms of their respective schools. The simultaneous burst of juvenile voices in singing Old Hundred, and in chanting the recitative parts of the inimitably beautiful service of the church, and the hallelujah chorus, was beyond description. No one, who has not been present on one of these occasions, can form an adequate idea of the overwhelming effect produced by the united and harmonious voices of eight thousand children. The sermon, on this occasion, which from my favorable position I distinctly heard, was preached by the Right

Reverend Bishop of Worcester, from the appropriate text in the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, sixth and seventh verses.

We dined, this day, with our excellent friend Thomas Walker, Esq., who lives in the neighborhood of Mr. Piper, on Denmark Hill. Mr. Walker has retired from business on a handsome property. While enjoying in a high degree, with his amiable lady, all the comforts and even the elegancies of life, he is, at the same time, the liberal patron of the religious and benevolent institutions of the age. He attends on Mr. Melville's ministry at Camden Chapel, a short distance from his residence, though his friends and connections are principally among the Dissenters. At his hospitable table, we met with Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Rev. Mr. Burnett and lady, Rev. Mr. Arundel and family, and Rev. Mr. Ellis of the Missionary Society.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSION INTO THE COUNTRY.

On Saturday the 6th of June, we left London on an excursion to Windsor. The day was delightful, and after a pleasant ride we arrived at Windsor, a distance of little more than twenty miles, before dinner. After dinner, I called on Mr. Stoughton, who is associated with the venerable Mr. Redford, in the pastoral care of the independent church in Windsor. He accompanied us to the Castle, and pointed out to us the various objects of interest connected with the royal residence. In the evening, Dr. Humphrey joined us from London, and the next day, we both preached in the Dissenting Chapel, and united, with the little band of Christian disciples, in commemorating the death of our common Lord. Mr. Stoughton, the junior pastor, was providen-

tially detained from public worship, and it devolved upon me to break bread to this little flock, and to address them on the value of their privileges, and the extent of their obligations. Many a tear was mingled with this feast of love—and my recollections of Windsor will, henceforth, be more pleasantly associated with a number of its praying inhabitants, than with the splendor of its palace and the pomp of its king.

The dissenting interest at Windsor, though not large, is respectable. There is but one place of worship. A new and commodious chapel has been erected within a few years, and is well filled with a serious and attentive congregation. Mr. Redford, the father of Dr. Redford of Worcester, has been the pastor of the church for many years, and by his uniform and consistent conduct, has disarmed prejudice and gained the esteem of those who differ from him in their views of ecclesiastical order. Having borne the burden and heat of the day, the close of his life is cheered by the active, zealous, and acceptable co-operation of his youthful colleague, who labors with him as a son in the gospel.

On Monday morning, we parted from our excellent friend, Dr. Humphrey, who proceeded on his way to Southampton to embark for Havre,

and spend a short time on the Continent. We returned to London to make a few arrangements, previous to a more extended tour which we intended to make in the west of England.

We left the metropolis again on Tuesday morning, by the way of Windsor, that we might be present at the triennial celebration called *the Montem*, at Eton College. We arrived, however, too late to attend the public exhibition and to witness the procession. The ceremony is one of the relics of the olden time, and therefore, though ridiculous enough in itself, is deserving of passing notice. The young gentlemen, connected with the College, are permitted to dress themselves in the most showy and fantastic manner. Some of them officiate as collectors of money, or *salt-bearers*. They go about during the day with their salt bags, and levy contributions on all they meet, furnishing a small piece of paper, or ticket, to each contributor, bearing this inscription. *Mos pro lege*. 1835. *Vivant Rex et Regina*,—which is worn in the hat, or about the person, to prevent any further solicitation. In the course of the morning a procession is formed of the students, (with the exception of the salt-bearers, who are distinguished by their peculiar dress, and who are con-

stantly employed in the streets and roads on the business of their vocation,) who proceed from the College to a small rising ground, a mile or more distant, dignified by the name of Salt Hill, or *Montem*, where an address is delivered by one of the students, in presence of the friends and patrons of the institution. The King and the royal family, and many of the nobility, attend on this occasion. The King usually drops a purse, containing fifty sovereigns, into the bag of one of the salt-bearers. The money, thus collected, which is said, sometimes, to amount to one thousand pounds sterling, is devoted to the education, at one of the universities, of some indigent and deserving member of their own community.

Although we were disappointed in not seeing the procession and hearing the address, we were gratified with a very good opportunity of seeing the King and Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, (heiress apparent to the crown,) Prince George of Cambridge, and several other members of the royal family, who passed us in their open barouches on their way to the Montem. The day was excessively sultry, and we were not sorry to leave the scene of noise and confusion, and to take the coach for Reading.

After a delightful ride of twenty miles, we ar-

rived at that neat and quiet town, and took up our lodgings at a very comfortable inn. I immediately called on Mr. Hinton, the Baptist minister, whose father I well knew many years since in Oxford, and from whom I received much kind attention. Though then a small boy, he remembered my being at his father's house.

Mr. Hinton is a man of quick and lively talent, and of a remarkably active and persevering spirit. He enters with great energy into the religious and political controversies of the day, and while he has many warm friends and supporters, he is not without his enemies and traducers. In his theological views, Mr. Hinton, it is thought, is somewhat inclined to certain American peculiarities respecting human ability, &c. As an author, he is favorably known among us by his little book on Revivals, and in Britain by several larger works.

I called also the next morning, on the Rev. Mr. Sherman, whom I had seen in London during the anniversaries. We received from him and Mrs. Sherman much kindness and hospitality, and were introduced by them to several excellent ladies, who were much interested in the subject of *Maternal Associations*, two of which exist in Reading,

one in Mr. Hinton's, and the other in Mr. Sherman's congregation.

Reading is a highly favored town. The gospel, at the present time, is preached in every place of worship, both in the Establishment, and among the Dissenters. There are three places of worship for Dissenters; one for Baptists, (Mr. Hinton's,) one for Calvinistic Methodists, (Mr. Sherman's,) and one for Independents, (Messrs. Douglass and Legge.) These ministers and churches exist in the most perfect harmony. They maintain religious services on three successive evenings in the week, in their respective places of worship, and as I was expected to be in town, I was invited by Mr. Hinton to preach Mr. Legge's lecture on Wednesday evening.

In the morning of Wednesday, we rode a few miles into the country to visit an esteemed friend of my brother's, residing at Beach Hill Cottage, where we were most kindly received. We returned at an early hour to Reading, and having preached for Mr. Legge, I spent the evening at Mr. Sherman's, in a most delightful manner, with a few Christian friends.

Mr. Sherman is a most amiable and talented man, and has a large congregation devotedly attached to him. As a preacher, he is one of the

most acceptable in England. He has declined an invitation to supply the place of the late Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel, and prefers to remain with his own people, exerting a most happy influence, not only in Reading, but on the surrounding country. He has published a number of sermons, and is the author of several highly approved works on practical religion.

The next morning, we took a private conveyance to Henley, a distance of eight miles from Reading, on the way to Oxford. Henley, on Thames, is rather a pleasant town, and is the residence of the Rev. Robert Bolton, a countryman of ours, who married a daughter of the Rev. William Jay of Bath, and is now the pastor of a Dissenting congregation in this pleasant village. His house is delightfully situated in the same enclosure with his chapel; and the grounds around it, embracing the neat cemetery of his congregation, are laid out with great beauty and taste by its present worthy occupant. Mr. Bolton is surrounded by a large and interesting family. We passed the day with them, very pleasantly, and towards evening took a post-chaise as far as Benson, a distance of about twelve miles, where we found one of the most quiet and comfortable inns in England.

Mr. Bolton, though apparently delightfully situated in his cottage, chapel, and lovely family, sighs to return to his native land, where he can have better opportunities of educating and settling his numerous family. He is sick at heart of the exclusiveness and bigotry of the established church, and longs to breathe the atmosphere of religious liberty in the western world.

The Dissenters in England are, at the present moment, looked upon with more than ordinary jealousy and suspicion. They are regarded as a political party, and are viewed by many as inimical to the British Constitution. The prejudices against them have been strengthened by their alliance with O'Connell, and other radical members of the House of Commons, in their efforts to resist ecclesiastical oppression, and to secure the enjoyment of their religious privileges and rights. The occasions for dissent from the established church have been of late years much reduced by the increase of the number of evangelical clergymen. Thirty years ago, and such men as Romaine and Newton and Cadogan and Scott, were rarely to be found in the pulpits of the establishment. Now the number is greatly increased of those who have imbibed their spirit, and preach the same sound

and holy doctrine. The consequence is, that the friends of vital and experimental religion are not under the same necessity for withdrawing from the establishment and erecting places for separate worship, as they once were. The dissenting congregations, at present, owe their increase from the established church, not so much from a regard to evangelical preaching, as from some other, and perhaps less laudable motive. This has occasioned a strong prejudice against them in the minds of the great body of the friends of the established church. They remember the comparatively few instances of dissent from selfish and political considerations, while they overlook the fact, that a large and respectable portion of their dissenting brethren are conscientious in their principles, having embraced them themselves after a candid and enlightened investigation; or, as is doubtless frequently the case, having received them from their pious and exemplary ancestors through successive generations. But whatever, and however groundless, may be the cause, there is no doubt of the fact, there is a great, and I think increasing prejudice against the Dissenters among the great body of the people connected with the church of England.

There is another source of disaffection towards

the Dissenters, which, perhaps, more than any other cause, tends to make them unpopular, and to draw upon them the odium of the community, and that is—the controversy on the subject of the union of the church with the state. The Dissenters contend that religion is capable of supporting itself without the aid of the civil power, and plead the successful example of the American churches, in support of their position. The friends of the church, on the other hand, insist upon this connection, as not only lawful, but expedient and salutary, and deny that the want of a National Establishment in America is favorable to the cause of religion and morality. This dispute is carried on with great warmth, on both sides, and frequently with too much bitterness and party spirit.

This controversy is not confined to the church of England and the Dissenters from its pale, but is agitated with equal zeal, and I fear with greater acrimony, on the other side of the Tweed. Like most important and protracted controversies, there is much to be said on both sides of the question. Although by an American the necessity or expediency of an ecclesiastical establishment cannot be admitted for a moment, I can easily conceive that to the mind of the consci-

entious Englishman, or Scotchman, the subject of the dissolution of the connection between church and state may be surrounded, with many, and to his mind inseparable difficulties.

There is a vast difference between the expediency of setting up an Establishment in the United States of America, where the feelings of the people, as well as the genius of the government, are diametrically opposed to it, and the propriety of dissolving it entirely in a country, where it has existed for ages, and incorporated itself with the habits and usages, the manners and customs, the sentiments and feelings, of the great body of the people.

Although decidedly and *ex animo* a friend to the Voluntary Principle, (as the subject in dispute here is technically called,) I have been frequently thrown into situations, during my short residence in England, which have been not a little embarrassing, and I have carefully avoided committing myself to a controversy, which depends for its merits upon circumstances and localities, with which, as a stranger in a foreign land, I could not be expected to be fully acquainted.

But whatever may be the result of this important controversy, there can be no doubt that it renders the present situation of our Dissenting

brethren trying and uncomfortable, and that some of them are ready to exclaim, like our good brother in Henley—"Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest."

We left our comfortable inn at Benson, on Friday morning, in a post-chaise for Oxford, a distance of 11 miles. On our way we stopped at a small village, called *Dorchester*, a name which brought to our minds a thousand delightful associations. This ancient town is at present, in a very reduced and decayed state. It was once, it is said, the seat of a Bishop, and contained no less than seven parish churches. It has now only about 1,000 inhabitants, and but one church. That, however, is a fine old building, and well deserving the attention of the inquisitive traveller.

There are two places of this name in England, one in the county of Oxford, and the other in the county of Dorset. The latter, from which Dorchester in New England took its name, I shall have occasion particularly to mention in another place.

On our arrival at Oxford, we immediately employed ourselves in visiting a few of the nineteen colleges and five halls, which compose this great and far-famed university. The few hours we had allotted ourselves in this city of collegiate palaces

would not admit of seeing much; but we employed them to the best advantage. We visited Christ Church and its beautiful meadows, went through Magdalen College and strolled in Addison's straight and shaded walk—passed into New College, and admired, with fresh delight, its painted windows—had a glimpse of All Souls and Queen's Colleges—the Ratcliffe Library—the Theatre and the Clarendon Press; and went into St. Mary's Church, where the officers and students of the University worship on the Sabbath and on other public occasions. The weather was delightful, and although our stay was limited, we saw much in a short time.

As I had twice visited Oxford before, and once spent ten days in examining its many objects of classical interest, I the less regretted the arrival of the coach from London to Cheltenham, by which we proposed to pursue our journey to that beautiful and fashionable watering place. In less than four hours, we performed a journey of 38 miles, and arrived at Cheltenham at 8 P. M.

The speed and comfort of travelling in England cannot be too highly commended. The roads, with a very few exceptions, are admirable, and the coaches bound over them with astonishing velocity. The horses, which are usually changed every ten

miles, and sometimes less, are kept in fine condition, and the harnesses, with their polished brass and well oiled leather, form a striking contrast to the ropes and other rigging of a continental diligence. The coachmen are generally civil, and some of them very intelligent. They expect, however, always to be *remembered*, and the fee you are obliged to pay, added to the extravagant fare, renders the expense of travelling in England much higher than in any other part of the world.

It is not surprising that our good friend Dr. Reed was so annoyed by the mode of travelling in America, and by the unseasonable hours at which he was started from his rest to commence his journey. It is true the accommodations for travelling in England are far superior to those in our own country—but there are some advantages in the construction of our coaches, which, in my opinion, are superior to theirs.

An English stage-coach usually carries four inside, and eight or more outside. If you take the inside seat, you pay nearly double the price, and can see nothing of the country, excepting the peeps you may catch by letting down the window over the door. If you take the outside, you may indeed see the country, if the weather is fair, but you are exposed to the sun, and to clouds of dust,

and, in wet weather, (which is more common than fair in England,) to showers of rain; not to say any thing of the danger, if you happen to be drowsy, of falling from the top of the coach. Whereas the American stage-coaches (many of which I may be allowed to say, notwithstanding I may appear to differ from my excellent brother, are exceedingly comfortable) are so contrived as to shelter you from the sun and rain, and at the same time, to afford you the opportunity of seeing the country to the best advantage. The coachmen I have generally found civil and attentive; though it is true I have never travelled in the western country; and if, in a few instances, they have been otherwise, the inconvenience is more than balanced by the absence of that everlasting strain—'Please remember the coachman,—please remember the guard,'—with which you are continually assailed in England.

The practice of feeing servants, which is universal in England, is often very annoying to our countrymen on their first arrival in England—but it is best to submit to it with philosophic patience, as it cannot be avoided. When it is considered that the whole, or by far the greatest part, of the support of coachmen, waiters, chambermaids, porters, &c. &c. is derived from these contributions

of passengers and travellers, the expected gratuity will be bestowed with less reluctance.

Cheltenham is one of the most delightful inland watering places in England. At some seasons of the year it is much resorted to by fashionable society, who come in pursuit of pleasure rather than health. Its waters, however, are said to be very beneficial in many complaints, and the appearance of many valetudinarians, drawn by hand in their sedan and garden chairs, along the spacious and shaded walks, evince the estimation in which they are held by the diseased and afflicted.

I called in the evening to see my old friend and countryman, Henry Bromfield, Esq., who resides at this place in comfortable retirement from active business, enjoying at a very advanced age, unimpaired health of body and vigor of mind. I called also on the Rev. Mr. Campbell, one of the Dissenting ministers of the place, who invited me, with great earnestness, to remain and preach for him on the Sabbath ; I was exceedingly sorry not to be able to accede to his wishes, but I had made all my arrangements to spend the Sabbath in Bristol. We accordingly left Cheltenham, though with reluctance, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, for Bristol, where we arrived, a distance of forty miles, in season for dinner.

Bristol was much changed since I first knew it, thirty years ago. Most of the friends of my youth were numbered with the dead. The ministers whom I knew in those days, Dr. Ryland and the Rev. Messrs. Lowell and Thorpe, were gone, and their places filled by others. My relatives, too, with whom I occasionally resided, were dead, or removed from the place, and there was little left to remind me of former days. After dinner, we went in search of two young ladies, whom we had the happiness to know in America, and who were now residing in this neighborhood for the benefit of their health. We found them in pleasant lodgings, at a place called Redland, about two miles out of town. The interview was one of mutual interest. They had once constituted a part of my pastoral charge. We had, together, passed through scenes of trial, and enjoyed much social and domestic intercourse in a far distant land. The memory of dear departed friends rushed upon our recollection. We mingled our tears, and rejoiced with each other in the mercy and loving kindness of Him, who had watched over us in our respective wanderings, and brought us together in circumstances of so much peace and comfort. At a late hour we returned to our lodgings at the Talbot Inn in Bristol.

The next morning (the Sabbath) I called on Mr. Legge, the minister of the independent meeting at Bridge street,—the successor of my old friend, Mr. Lowell, who received me very kindly, and invited me to preach for him in the evening.

In the forenoon I heard Mr. Hamilton, of Leeds, in a new chapel, recently erected by a portion of the late Mr. Thorpe's congregation. Mr. Hamilton is considered a popular preacher. His manner is showy, and his style rather diffuse, but his sermon was sound and evangelical.—In the afternoon, I stepped into Dr. Ryland's (more recently Robert Hall's) place of worship, in Broad Mead. It was ordinance day. I retired into the gallery, and witnessed the celebration of the sacramental supper to a respectable number of communicants.

In the evening I preached at Bridge street, for Mr. Legge. In the same pulpit I repeatedly preached in the early part of my life. But most of the congregation who then heard me, with their beloved pastor, were numbered with the dead. A few of them, however, remained, and collected around me, after the service was closed, to express their recognition, and to offer their affectionate salutations.

I spent the evening with Mr. Wills, a leading member of the Tabernacle congregation, to whom I was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Choules of New Bedford, and in whose lady I was happy to find one of the friends of my early life, who formerly resided in London.

We breakfasted the next morning with Mr. Waldo, an American merchant, for many years settled in Bristol. We received from him and his family, then, as well as formerly, much kind attention. It was an interesting fact to me, that Mr. Waldo was a native of my parish, and born within a few rods of my place of worship. From Mr. Waldo's we went to Redland to call on the Misses B. and made an arrangement for them to accompany us to Chepstow and Tinturn Abbey.

After taking an early dinner, we engaged a post-chaise to take us to the old ferry on the banks of the Severn. We then crossed the river in a steam-boat, where a sociable, or open carriage, awaited us to convey us to Chepstow. We arrived at this place, distinguished for the ruins of its ancient castle and the beauty of its surrounding scenery, soon after nightfall. The town was all bustle and confusion, in consequence of its being the last day of one of those village fairs so disgraceful to the country, and so prejudicial to the

morals of the community. Several hundreds of people were collected in the square opposite the inn, to witness the most disgusting and revolting exhibitions of itinerant theatricals. We were glad to escape from this scene of tumult and folly to visit the fine old ruin of Chepstow castle.

This interesting remnant of a by-gone age, is situated on the brow of a precipice, overhanging the bank of the Wye. At the south east angle of the first court, is a round tower, called Henry Marten's tower, which was the keep or citadel where that distinguished regicide was confined for life. Marten was decidedly an advocate for a republican government, and during the turbulent reign of that unfortunate monarch, Charles the First, was most active in opposing the royalists; indeed, he was among the first, who assisted in bringing their sovereign to the scaffold.

After the restoration, Marten surrendered on the proclamation, and was tried as a *regicide* at the Old Bailey. He confessed the fact of attending the trial, and signing the warrant for the king's death, but denied any malicious intention. He was, however, found guilty, and petitioned for pardon, which he obtained on condition of perpetual imprisonment.

Marten lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight, and died by a stroke of apoplexy. He was buried in the chancel of Chepstow church.—Over his ashes was placed a stone, with this quaint inscription composed by himself.

Here,
September the 9, in the year of our Lord 1680, was
buried a true Englishman,
who in Berkshire was well known
to love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
but living immured full 20 year,
had time to write, as doth appear,—

His Epitaph.

H ere or elsewhere (all 's one to you and me,)
E arth, air or water gripes my ghostless dust,
N one know how soon to be by fire set free.
R eader, if you an oft tried rule will trust,
Y ou'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

M y life was spent in serving you and you
A nd death's my pay, (it seems) and welcome too.
R evenge destroying but itself, while I,
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
E xamples preach to th' eye, care then (mine says)
N ot how you *end*, but how you *spend* your days.

In visiting this interesting spot we were reminded of the following lines, of the present poet laureate :

> " For thirty years secluded from mankind
> Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
> Echoed his footsteps, as, with even tread,
> He paced around his prison. Not to him
> Did nature's fair varieties exist;
> He never saw the sun's delightful beams
> Save when through yon high bars
> He poured a sad and broken splendor."

The general appearance of the ruin is admirable, and strongly reminds one of the days of olden time; and the view from its remaining turrets and battlements, of the river Wye, is indescribably beautiful. We lingered among its venerable and ivy mantled masonry, until darkness concealed from our view the little that remained of this once splendid residence of royal pomp and power, and we returned to our inn, not to rest, but to be annoyed by the incessant tin kettle sound of the theatrical stroller's drum.

Little refreshed with sleep, we rose with the morning's dawn, and at 5 o'clock started in a neat and convenient sociable for Tintern Abbey. On our way we passed the disturbers of our peace in

their wagons and caravans, who had closed their engagements at Chepstow, and were proceeding to mar the quiet of some other country village, by their foolish waggery and their ridiculous enactments. The kings and queens of the preceding evening, now laid aside their gaudy robes, some of which were dangling about their vehicles, along side their kitchen utensils and other articles of household furniture. It was amusing enough to see the valiant hero transformed into the swarthy Egyptian, and the tender heroine engaged in the culinary department, preparing the morning meal for her hungry associates.

We passed by the splendid and picturesque grounds of Pierceland; but the early hour prevented our admission within the gates. We reached the little inn, near Tintern Abbey, between 7 and 8 o'clock, and having ordered breakfast, pursued our ride a few miles on the banks of the Wye, where we were enchanted with the rich and variegated scenery. Having allowed the good people of the inn sufficient time to prepare our repast, we returned and partook of a substantial breakfast, and then, while our horses were recruiting, walked to the adjoining Abbey. It was a lovely morning, and every thing in nature conspired to render our visit to this far-famed and

most beautiful relic of antiquity interesting and delightful.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this venerable ruin, around which the ivy twines in various directions. Its noble arched window frames of stone and trellis work rise in the centre of its pointed roofless walls, on the top of which the rooks maintain their uninterrupted reign, singing, as one of our party remarked, a requiem over the ruins. The immediate approach to the Abbey is disagreeable and confined, as a train of poor cottages and the works of an iron foundry are almost ingrafted on the ruins. But when our guide, (an old woman, who inhabited one of these cottages,) unlocked the entrance door, a grassy sward, neatly kept, presented itself, on the sides of which rested huge columns of dark stone, covered with ivy. Both nature and art seemed to have blended their powers in producing an object beautiful and sublime. The walls are almost entire, the roof only has fallen in. Most of the columns, which divided the aisles, are still standing. Of these which have dropped down, the bases remain, every one exactly in its place; and in the middle of the nave, four lofty arches, which once supported the tower, rise above the rest, each now reduced to a narrow border of stone, but completely preserving its form.

Monkish tombstones and the monuments of benefactors, long since forgotten, appeared above the green sward. On one side stood a dilapidated figure of the Virgin, and on another a stone effigy of the founder of the Abbey, greatly impaired by time—broken chapiters, with carving on stone, representing oak leaves lay along between the pillars. Some of our party ascended the walls by a spiral stair-case, and walked along the upper narrow gallery to the top of the building, where grass and shrubs formed a covered and pleasant pathway. From the elevation a most delightful view was obtained of the Wye, and the beautiful country through which it meanders.

Tintern Abbey, was founded in the year 1131, for the monks of the Cisterian order, by Walter de Clare, who dedicated it to the virgin Mary. It is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort. The building is cruciform, and is an excellent specimen of the English architecture in its greatest purity. The floor, being covered with a smooth turf, preserves the original level of the church, exhibits the beauty of its proportions, heightens the effect of the grey stone, gives a relief to the clustered pillars, and affords an easy access to every part.

Although the exterior appearance of the ruins is not equal to the inside view, yet in some posi-

tions they present themselves with considerable effect, and from one view in particular, the grand east window, wholly covered with ivy and shrubs, rises like the portal of a majestic edifice, embowered with wood.

We lingered about this interesting ruin, as long as our time would permit—and as we trod its still and verdant area, interrupted by no other sound than the occasional croaking of the only inhabitants of its ivy mantled towers, we were reminded of the lines of the poet.

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mouldering stones among!
How many beads have here been told!
How many matins here been sung!

On this rude stone, by time long broke,
I think I see some pilgrim kneel,
I think I see the censer smoke,
I think I hear the solemn peal.

But here no more soft music floats,
No holy anthems chanted now;
All hushed, except the ringdove's note,
Low murmuring from yon beechen bough."

We left this fascinating spot with reluctance, and entering our carriage, which awaited us at the

gate, took the road to the Wynde Cliff on our way back to Chepstow.

The Wynde Cliff, is a name given to a range of elevated ground, covered with shrubs and trees, from the summit of which you have one of the finest and most extensive prospects in England. We left our carriage at the bottom of the hill, and were conducted into a beautiful little building, called the *Moss Cottage*. It is lined throughout with moss, and furnished with chairs and tables covered with the same material, of rude and grotesque appearance. Here we obtained a very civil and obliging woman for a guide, who conducted us up the *cliff* by a *winding* path. The ascent was long, and had it not been relieved by some of the most beautiful views we ever beheld, would have been tedious and fatiguing. From the summit, where we rested, we beheld in admiration the Wye under our feet, winding its way through the most beautiful meadows, and in the distance, the broader Severn stretching out towards the sea. The prospect was somewhat similar to that of the Connecticut from Mount Holyoke in Massachusetts, and of the Hudson from Catskill in New York. Its superiority consisted, not in the beauty of its river, for the Wye is a dull and narrow stream, when compared with the Connecticut, and

more especially with the Hudson, but in the rich verdure of the lawns and meadows, in the superior foliage of the trees and shrubs, and in the good taste and beauty of its houses and cottages, which every where met the gratified and admiring eye. We returned by a different path from that by which we ascended, and found the carriage waiting for us at the bottom of the hill, to take us to Chepstow, where we arrived about 12 o'clock.

On our return from Chepstow to Bristol, we directed our coachman to take us round by Henbury, that we might have the opportunity of seeing a number of beautiful cottages, which were erected and endowed by a philanthropic individual for the accommodation of reduced but respectable families.

These cottages, which are nine in number, are built with the greatest taste. No two of them are exactly alike. They surround a beautiful and extensive lawn of two or three acres, which is enclosed by a wall, at the gate of which is a porter's lodge. We entered several of the cottages, and conversed with their inmates who appeared to be very contented and happy.

This little excursion was truly delightful. We parted with our young friends, who had contributed so much to our enjoyment, with much regret,

and in the afternoon, took our departure for Bath, where we arrived before night.

Bath is well known, as one of the oldest and most frequented watering places in England. Its splendid pump room, its magnificent crescents, and its fashionable society, were to me objects of trifling interest, when compared with a name, for many years associated with it in my recollection. I left the natural and artificial objects of curiosity in this ancient city to others, and sought an interview with *William Jay*. I had the happiness of finding him at home, and of spending the evening with him alone. The sweetness and gentleness of his manners, the richness and copiousness of his conversation, and the admirable good sense and practical wisdom of his remarks, gave wings to time, and on looking at my watch, I was astonished to find how rapidly it had passed.

I had the happiness of knowing Mr. Jay nearly thirty years since, and of receiving from him an approbation to preach the gospel. He was the only one remaining, of those esteemed and excellent men who united with him in giving me that testimonial. Time had not made so much alteration in his personal appearance as I expected. Although advancing into the vale of years, his popularity as a preacher and author is by no means

on the wane. He is constantly called upon to preach on public occasions, and I trust it will be long before the religious world shall cease to be enlightened and edified by the productions of his pen.

We left Bath the next morning for Exeter, a distance of above eighty miles; which we easily accomplished in one day. The weather was fine, and from the top of the coach we had an uninterrupted view of the rich and variegated scenery, through which we passed. The road from Bath to Exeter is considered one of the most delightful in England, and the succession of noblemen's and gentlemen's houses—the towers and spires of the churches—and the constant variety of hill and dale, stream and rivulet, which, on every side, meet the eye, contributed to lessen the fatigue with which a journey of such length, on the outside of a coach, is necessarily attended.

We spent the night at Exeter, and in the morning took the coach to Teignmouth, a distance of about fifteen miles, where we intended to spend the day and return to Exeter, by the same conveyance, the next morning. We found our coachman, with whom I took a seat on the box, very respectable, intelligent and communicative. He gave us every information we could desire of the

places through which we passed. On our arrival at Teignmouth, where the coach stopped to change horses, we concluded not to remain, agreeably to our original intention, but to proceed with our worthy and well informed coachman, to Dartmouth, which completed his journey, and to return with him the next day to Exeter. Nothing could exceed the beauty and interest of this day's ride.

Dawlish, Teignmouth, and Torquay, are each of them, fashionable watering places, and command most romantic and extensive marine views. We arrived at Dartmouth before night, and took a boat to visit its ancient castle and fort at the entrance of the river Dart. The next day we returned by the same route, which lost nothing of its beauty and interest. At Teignmouth, where we stopped a few minutes, I met with the Rev. Mr. Roper, the Dissenting minister of the place. This beautiful little spot was rendered particularly interesting to us, as having once been the residence of some highly esteemed and valued friends of my own congregation.

On our return to Exeter, we visited its fine Cathedral, and called upon a few friends. I had not time to see any of the Dissenting ministers, excepting the Rev. Dr. Payne, who has the charge of a small seminary for the education of

young men for the ministry. He received his education at Glasgow, with Dr. H. F. Burder, and Dr. Joseph Fletcher of London, and is highly esteemed among the brethren of his denomination for his theological learning and classical attainments.

Exeter, the chief city in the County of Devonshire, contains a Cathedral, and no less than twenty-three parish churches, and a large number of dissenting places of worship. The first minister at Dorchester in New England, the Rev. John Warham, was from this place. In consulting the Exeter Directory, I found several names that have long prevailed among us. It was from this place and neighborhood, doubtless, that some of the ancestors of my beloved people emigrated to the western world, and it was with no ordinary emotions that I looked forward to the approaching Sabbath, which I expected to spend in Dorchester, in the County of Dorset, from which the place of my own residence took its name. We accordingly left Exeter on Saturday morning in the coach for Weymouth, passing through Sidmouth, where my old and excellent friend, the Rev. David Parker, preached and died.

We soon found, without consulting our map, that we were leaving the rich and fertile and

beautiful County of Devon, with its green lanes, its high and verdant hedges, and its varied and changing surface of hill and dale, for the long and dreary common, and the comparatively light and barren soil of its less lovely and attractive neighbor —the County of Dorset.

Devonshire is, without exception, the most beautiful and picturesque county in England. Its soil is uncommonly rich, and in the highest state of cultivation. We were highly favored in the season, in which we visited this beautiful part of the Island. The weather was uncommonly fine, and the air soft and balmy. Not a drop of rain impeded our progress. A few gentle showers during the night laid the dust of the preceding day. The haying season was just commencing, and the merry haymakers, consisting in this country of both sexes, added much to the interest of the scene. It was, also, the season for the early fruits, and the large and well-flavored strawberry, with the delicious Devonshire cream, of which we had so often heard, if not among the most intellectual, were not among the least *tasteful* of our enjoyments. In fact nothing occurred in this delightful county to mar our pleasures, or to lessen our satisfaction.

Weymouth is about sixty miles from Exeter,

and is one of the most popular watering places in the kingdom. Its fine beach affords a beautiful promenade, and in the fashionable season, which had not yet arrived, is crowded with visitors, who resort here to enjoy the salubrity of the fresh breezes from the sea. We arrived here in the afternoon, and after tea, took a little open carriage to convey us to Dorchester, a distance of eight miles. This carriage, which was very light and airy, will hold four, and is drawn by one horse, upon which is mounted a lad, less than fourteen years of age, with his red jacket and jockey cap and plated spurs and smacking whip. Thus equipped, our smart little postillion rattled us along over a smooth and level road, and in less than an hour landed us safely at the Antelope Inn in Dorchester. Of this inn I cannot speak in terms of too great praise. The inns in England are generally good, but many of them are extravagant, and the most extravagant are not always the best; but the Antelope Inn in Dorchester, where I spent one of the most quiet and delightful Sabbaths I passed during my tour, we found excellent in every thing that constitutes a good hotel. The charges were reasonable, and the landlord and waiters civil and respectful. On Monday morning we left our pleasant parlor, with the comforts

by which we were surrounded, much satisfied with the attention we received.

On my arrival in Dorchester I immediately called upon the Dissenting minister of the place, the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who received me with great cordiality and kindness. Mr. Anderson's congregation is small and feeble, and has had to struggle with many difficulties and embarrassments. Since his connection with them, it has somewhat increased, and its prospects are, at present, encouraging. His place of worship, like many of the old meeting-houses of the Dissenters, is most obscurely situated in a narrow and unfrequented street, and seems to have been erected on a plan purposely to avoid observation. His dwelling-house, which is small and contracted, constitutes a part of the premises, and belongs to the proprietors of the Chapel. The use of this, with an uncertain salary, seldom exceeding £100 per ann. constitutes the whole of the living of this excellent man. I mention these circumstances because they apply to a very considerable number of Dissenting ministers and congregations. Except in cities and large towns, the meeting-houses or chapels of the Independents are mean in their appearance, and circumscribed in their dimensions. Many of them are without stated pastors, and are

supplied by pious laymen, who are employed during the week in their respective avocations, and who go out into the villages on the Sabbath, to exhort and to pray with these destitute congregations.

This imperfect ministry certainly ought not to be despised, as without it many precious souls might perish for want of the bread of life; but some such institution as our Education Society, is greatly needed among our brethren in England, to increase the number of well trained and faithful ministers of the independent denomination. It is a matter of astonishment that no society of this character has hitherto been formed. Can a better course be adopted to promote the cause of Christ, and the interests of Dissenters, than by establishing a society for the thorough education of indigent pious young men for the gospel ministry, like the American Education Society in the United States? It is to be sincerely hoped that this subject will soon be taken into serious consideration by our dissenting brethren.

On Sabbath morning I preached for Mr. Anderson, agreeably to his request. The congregation was respectable for numbers, and apparently serious and attentive. I expressed to them the peculiar interest I felt as pastor of a church in

Dorchester, New England, in addressing a congregation of my own denomination in Dorchester, Old England; and I promised to give them in the evening some information respecting their namesake town in the new world.

In the afternoon, as there was no public worship in Mr. Anderson's Chapel, I attended divine service in the Episcopal church, in the neighboring parish of Fordington, and heard a truly evangelical sermon.

Fordington is little more than half a mile from Dorchester, and though a separate parish and once a separate town, is now under the same municipal government. They are connected together by one of those long and beautiful avenues of chestnut and sycamore trees, by which the various entrances to Dorchester are distinguished.

In the evening I again addressed Mr. Anderson's congregation, and several from the other congregations, and gave them some account of the history of Dorchester in Massachusetts. The occasion was one of mutual interest, and I think will not soon be forgotten.

Dorchester is an ancient, respectable and well built town. It was of considerable importance under the Romans. Coins and other relics of antiquity found here—the Maiden Castle—the

Amphitheatre (the most perfect of the kind in Britain)—and the remains of a Roman Camp in the neighborhood—show it to have been a place of consideration. This town suffered dreadfully from the plague, which broke out there in 1595, and which proved so destructive that the living were not sufficient to bury the dead. In 1613 it was almost destroyed by fire—the loss was estimated at £200,000 sterling. Dorchester is said to have been more particularly disaffected to the royal cause during the civil wars, than any other place in England. The town forms an irregular square, and consists principally of three spacious streets. These with the subordinate ones, are well paved, and in general abound with handsome buildings of brick and stone. The edifices for public worship are the three churches in the establishment, dedicated to St. Peter, the Holy Trinity, and All Saints, and four chapels belonging to the Independents—the Wesleyan Methodists—the Baptists—and the Unitarians. The church of St. Peter's is a beautiful and venerable gothic pile, situated in the centre of the town, with a tower ninety feet high, ornamented with turrets and battlements. The principal charities are two good free schools, and some well endowed alms-houses; and a hospital or workhouse, which is also an endowed

charity. The town contains a handsome town-hall—a court-house—and a new gaol and house of correction, erected on the plan recommended by Howard. By the census of 1821, the population of the borough and parishes of Dorchester amounted to 2,743.

After seeing all that was worthy of notice in this ancient, neat and quiet town, we left it on Monday morning, for Salisbury, a distance of about forty miles, where we arrived before dinner, and immediately repaired to its splendid Cathedral, whose beautiful and well proportioned spire attracted our attention some time before we reached the city.

This venerable edifice was built in the year 1258, and contains as many windows as there are days—as many marble shafts as there are hours—and as many doors as there are months in the year. We noticed the beautiful stained glass in the large windows, and several ancient monuments of Knights Templar, with some fine modern sculpture.

Salisbury, besides its Cathedral, presents few objects of interest to a stranger. In its neighborhood, however, is to be found one of the most remarkable curiosities in England. I refer to what is supposed to be the ruins of a Druidical

temple, at a place called Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, about nine miles distant from the city. We engaged an open carriage, drawn by mules, to take us to the place, and after an hour's ride over a long and dreary heath, interesting for nothing but for being the scene of Miss Hannah More's beautiful tale, entitled the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, we arrived at the spot, upon which stood a number of large stones that had the appearance of having once formed a regular building or temple—some of them still remaining in their horizontal position, resting on those which retain their perpendicular attitude, while others are scattered about on the ground. We found in the midst of the ruins an intelligent individual, who makes a business of selling engravings of the temple and giving information respecting its origin and history. He supposes it to have been erected 200 years previous to the Christian era, and to have been intended for the worship of the sun.

A high and blustering wind rendered our return over the open common exceedingly uncomfortable, and we were glad to find warmth and rest at the inn in Salisbury.

On Tuesday morning we took the coach for London. We had for a companion a young clergyman of the established church, with whom I

had much conversation on the subject of the state of religion in America, and the operation of the *Voluntary Principle.* Although evangelical in his religious opinions, I found him strongly prejudiced against Dissenters and against America. He had read the narrative of Drs. Reed and Matheson, and commented upon it with great severity. He insisted that they were sent out to America by a political faction, to collect information to aid them in their efforts to destroy the British Constitution, by effecting a dissolution between the church and the state. This was not the only instance of prejudice and bigotry which I met with in England. —We arrived, without any occurrence of special interest, before night at the Adelphi Hotel, and the next day found us comfortably settled again in our old lodgings in Norfolk street, Strand.

The morning after our arrival, we were gratified in receiving letters from our friends in America, from which we learnt that they fully expected us home in August; and unwilling to disappoint the expectations of my people, who had already indulged me with a long absence from pastoral labors, I felt it my duty to hasten my return. We accordingly made our arrangements to leave London for the north, in the course of the ensuing week.

Among other friends, who called upon us at our lodgings, was the Rev. Robert Philip, of Maberly Chapel, the well known author of several interesting religious publications, which have been reprinted, and most extensively circulated in our own country. Mr. Philip is a respectable Dissenting minister, and has a most happy talent in conveying religious instruction in a plain and familiar manner. Long may he live to employ it for the benefit of the church, and the good of mankind.

I was gratified at meeting in London with the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, the Rev. Dr. Peter McFarlin, and the Rev. Patrick Clason, who were applying to Parliament, in behalf of the General Assembly, for aid in extending the means of religious instruction in the church of Scotland. This application has excited, as might naturally have been expected, much opposition from the friends of the voluntary principle, both in England and Scotland. It has resulted, I have been informed, in the appointment of a Committee of Parliament to inquire into the alleged destitution of the Scottish church.

I had the pleasure of breakfasting with Dr. Chalmers, at the house of our mutual friend, Mr. Nisbet, in Berner's street. Much conversation ensued on the subject of the expediency of church

establishments, and the inefficacy of the voluntary principle. Although I could not agree with the Dr. and his friends in their views on this subject, I was gratified in hearing what could be said in favor of the dependence of the church upon civil aid, by the most powerful and eloquent champion of this side of the question now on the stage.

The health of Dr. Chalmers is by no means good, and he has not attempted to preach for several months. It would not be surprising if the excitement, superinduced by the agitating controversy in which he has taken such a leading and active part, should have tended to impair his physical constitution. The course which he has adopted, although, I doubt not, from the very best and most conscientious motives, (for he is utterly incapable of any other,) while it has strengthened the hands of a party, who are far from appreciating his piety and evangelical zeal, has disappointed and grieved many of the friends of religious liberty, who love him for his attachment to the doctrines of grace, and admire the talent and eloquence with which he has so nobly defended them.

I avoided making any public engagements for the last Sabbath I had to spend in London, that I might have the opportunity of hearing some of my brethren among the Dissenting ministers of the

metropolis. In the morning I went to hear the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fletcher, whom I had often met in private, and listened to with much pleasure on the platform during the season of anniversaries. It was his first sermon after a partial recovery from an indisposition which had confined him to the house for a few weeks, and though probably not delivered with his usual energy and animation, manifested a sweet and tender spirit, and was replete with rich and evangelical sentiment. It was a beautiful illustration of his text, appropriate to his own circumstances, and to several cases of affliction which had recently occurred in his own congregation. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen, are eternal."

Dr. Fletcher's Chapel is in Stepney, in the easterly part of London. It is one of the most venerable places of worship remaining among the Dissenters. It was built for the celebrated non-conformist, Matthew Mead, the author of the Almost Christian, &c., who himself laid the first stone of the building. The pillars, which support

the gallery, were given to Mr. Mead by the Stadtholder of Holland; where he retreated after his ejectment. The same pulpit in which he preached still remains, and his body lies buried in the adjoining church-yard. The chapel is awkward in its construction, having been built to resemble, as much as possible, a private dwelling-house, in order to escape observation. It is however frequented by a large and respectable congregation, and has a numerous and interesting Sabbath school connected with it.

In the evening we accompanied our friends Mr. Sharp and his family to Peckham, to hear the Rev. Dr. Collyer. The feeble state of Dr. Collyer's health had prevented his mingling with the bustling duties of the anniversary week, and I had not seen him during my stay in London. I was unwilling to leave the country without seeing and hearing this distinguished and excellent man, with whom it was my happiness in early life to enjoy a personal acquaintance. His chapel, which is one of the neatest and best furnished of any dissenting place I had seen in London, was well filled, though not crowded. A good organ, accompanied by a choir of singers, reminded me of home, (these assistants to devotion being seldom found in Dissenting places of worship.) As he ascended

the pulpit, I could scarcely recognize the active individual I had known some thirty years ago. What a change had time and affliction effected! But though the elasticity of his movement, and the light and graceful appearance of his figure, had given place to the slow and measured step of premature age and the increased corpulency of his person, I was soon convinced that he had lost none of the originality and force of his genius, nor of the unction and fervor of his piety. His subject, which was peculiarly suited to the character of his mind, and the peculiarity of his taste, was that sweet aspiration of the Psalmist, contained in the forty-seventh Psalm, "Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." After sermon he read an original hymn, as I am told is his usual practice, founded upon the words of the text. At the close of the service, I went into the vestry. Our meeting was affecting to us both. We had not met for nearly thirty years, and during that period, many changes had taken place. We remembered the days of former years, and the pleasant intercourse we had taken together in the spring time of life. The joy of our meeting, however, was mingled with the tears of separa-

tion. We met but to part, till we should meet, I trust, never to part again.

The few days we had to remain in London were employed in visiting and taking leave of many esteemed and beloved friends. On Wednesday evening, our parlor was filled with a large number of Christian friends, who called to bid us farewell, and the interview was closed with devotional exercises, in which our ever dear and honored friend, the Rev. Mr. Lewis of Islington, offered prayer, and commended us to the blessing and protection of Almighty God.

"Those hours, those scenes are past!
We part, and ne'er again may meet;
Why are the joys that will not last
So perishingly sweet?
Farewell! we surely meet again,
In life or death—farewell till then!"

CHAPTER VIII.

YORK—DURHAM—EDINBURGH—HIGHLANDS—GLASGOW—LIVERPOOL.

Early, on Thursday morning, July 2d, we bid adieu to London, and took our seats in the coach for York. After a long and tedious ride of 120 miles, we stopped at 11, P. M. to rest, at a place called Newark, where we found very indifferent accommodations at a crowded inn, and the next day resumed our journey to York, where we arrived in the afternoon. Soon after our arrival, I sent a note to the Rev. James Parsons, the well known and highly talented minister of the congregation of independent Dissenters, who immediately called upon us, and kindly devoted himself to us during the little time we spent in this interesting city.

York, the ancient Eboracum of the Romans,

was inhabited, successively, by Adrian, Severus, and other Roman Emperors. It is the see of an Archbishop, and ranks as the second city in the kingdom; but it is inferior in wealth and population to many of the more modern trading towns. The principal object, for which it is distinguished, is its Minster, or Cathedral, which is justly esteemed the most splendid edifice of the kind in Great Britain. We spent a couple of hours in visiting it, and regretted that the darkness of night compelled us to quit this magnificent structure. Our aged Cicerone seemed to take great delight in showing us the interior of the building, and in expatiating on the historical associations connected with it. A few years since this superb monument of ancient taste was set on fire by a maniac, who secreted himself in the church after evening prayers, with combustible matter for his nefarious and vandalic purpose. The fire was discovered early the next morning by the faithful servant of the church, who acted as our guide, in season to prevent its entire destruction, though the organ, the pews, and a considerable part of the ancient carving in oak, were entirely destroyed. At a great expense the damage has been repaired, but the modern part, beautiful as it is, bears no pro-

portion to the rich specimens of ancient architecture, with which it is surrounded.

We spent the evening, very pleasantly, with Mr. Parsons and his family; and the next morning left York in the coach for Durham, where we arrived, early in the afternoon of Saturday.

Our excellent friend, Dr. Matheson, whom we had notified of our intended visit, met us at the inn, and with that warmth of heart and affectionate manner, for which he is so distinguished, welcomed us to Durham, and conducted us to his hospitable mansion, where we immediately felt ourselves *at home*. We were prepared to be pleased and to be happy, for we had seen and known Dr. Matheson in our own dear country; but our expectations of domestic comfort and felicity were more than gratified, for we had not before seen and known Mrs. Matheson—and to see and know her, was to esteem and love her.

Mrs. Matheson is the only child of the Rev. Greville Ewing, of Glasgow, and inherits her father's intellectual qualities and amiable disposition and manners. Her humble and unobtrusive piety—her quiet and diligent attention to household and domestic duties—are not less remarkable than the superiority of her mind and the cultivation of her taste. Negligent of no duty, and entirely

unambitious of literary distinction, she occasionally finds time, not only to promote plans of usefulness among the people of her husband's charge, but to subserve the general interests of religion and morality by the productions of her pen. With this amiable and excellent family, we remained several days, and the recollection of the happiness we enjoyed under their roof, will not easily be obliterated.

The next day was the Sabbath. In the morning I preached for Dr. Matheson, and in the afternoon, sat down with him and his beloved church at the sacramental table. Thirteen months before, he preached for my people, and partook with us of the memorials of a Saviour's love. Our hearts were melted in view of the goodness and mercy we had mutually experienced, and we enjoyed a sweet season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In the evening his people again collected, and I had an opportunity of urging upon them the necessity of an immediate attention to the great salvation.

The independent chapel in Durham is small, but well attended. It will contain about five or six hundred hearers. It is situated back of a street, and in the rear of a dwelling-house. You might pass the gate which leads to it, and which

exactly resembles a number of other gates in the same street, without thinking of a place of worship. Indeed, it appears to be, like many other Dissenting places of worship, studiously concealed from observation. The contrast between the splendid pile of Episcopal magnificence, which every where meets the eye in the city and suburbs of Durham, and the humble and unpretending sanctuary of the descendants of the Puritans, is singularly striking, and affords not an unapt illustration of the religious denominations which they respectively represent.

Episcopacy in England is like the grand and spacious Cathedral, magnificent, showy and imposing. It embraces within its pale nearly all the noble and fashionable, and by far the greater proportion of the wealthy of the land. It meets you wherever you go, and pervades all ranks and classes of society—whereas the Dissenting interest, like its obscure and retired places of worship, is thrown into the background, and regarded by its more opulent neighbor with neglect, if not with contempt. I was painfully impressed with this marked and decided difference between the Churchman and the Dissenter, and felt more than ever attached to the religious institutions of my own country, where no one sect is established by law.

Dr. Matheson is much beloved by an affectionate people, and highly respected by those of a different communion. He exerts a good and salutary influence among the neighboring churches of his own denomination. His talents, his business habits, and his extensive information, qualify him, however, for a more important and more extensive sphere of usefulness. I know not the man better adapted to fill a situation, exceedingly wanted among the independent Dissenters, that of a General Agent for the Congregational Union.

On Monday, we visited the Cathedral, and called upon one of the Prebendaries, the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, an author well known in this country as well as in England. Mr. Gisborne is now advanced in life; he received us politely, and gave us access to the library, which contains, besides a good collection of books, a number of valuable manuscripts, and several interesting antiquities.

The situation of Durham is romantic and beautiful, and the view of the cathedral and castle, and the winding of the river Wey, from Dr. Matheson's windows, indescribably lovely.

We left our kind and excellent friends with unfeigned regret on Wednesday morning, in a post-chaise for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where we took

the coach for Edinburgh, by the interesting and classical route of Cheviot and Tweedale. The ride over the Cheviot hills would have been delightful, had the wind been less cold and boisterous. We passed by many objects of interest—among them Melrose Abbey, and Abbotsford, the residence of the late Sir Walter Scott, and Dryeburgh Abbey, where his ashes repose; and arrived in Edinburgh in the evening, suffering with the cold, though in the beginning of July, and exhausted with fatigue.

I was again, through the kind providence of God, in the Scottish Capital, endeared to me by so many youthful and delightful associations. My mind naturally reverted to the days of "Auld Lang Syne," to the period, (1805 and 6,) when Professor Silliman, the late Dr. Gorham, and myself, occupied the same apartments, and pursued together our professional studies. Many of the friends of my youth were no more. Of the ministers of Edinburgh, with whom it was my privilege to be acquainted, but one or two remained. The professors, under whose direction I pursued my theological studies, were all gone. The places that once knew them, knew them no more. But some of my best and dearest friends remained, whom I sought out on the morning after

our arrival, and rejoiced to find in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

The Rev. Dr. David Dickson, of the West Kirk, was one of my earliest, and has been one of my most sincere and faithful friends. With the affection of a brother he received me into his family when a student in Divinity; and from that day to this, his friendship has been cordial and uninterrupted. I need not say, that from the moment of our interview, till we parted, in all probability never to meet again in this world, his attention to myself and family was most devoted, affectionate and untiring.

From the West Kirk manse, I proceeded to call upon my valued friend, John Tawse, Esq., the brother-in-law of Dr. Dickson, and the highly esteemed secretary of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. As secretary of the Boston Board, I had long been in correspondence with Mr. Tawse, and was happy in the opportunity, not only of enjoying once more his personal acquaintance, and that of his excellent family, but of transacting business relating to the concerns of the Society in America. From every branch of Dr. Dickson's family, we received the kindest attentions during our short stay in Edinburgh.

The Rev. Dr. Patterson, formerly the agent of

the British and Foreign Bible Society in Russia, and the Rev. Mr. Wilkes, the pastor of the independent Congregation in Albany Chapel, whom I had met in London, showed us much attention.

We were also gratified in meeting with our excellent friend, John Dunlop, Esq., whom we had known in America, and who has recently returned to his native country. Mr. Dunlop is a warm hearted and devoted Christian, and is constantly doing good in aiding the religious and benevolent institutions both of his own country, and of the United States.

On the Sabbath I heard Dr. Dickson preach in the morning, and preached for him in the afternoon, in the West Kirk. The pulpits of the establishment have long been closed upon all but the ministers and licentiates of the church of Scotland. The invitation to preach for Dr. Dickson was peculiarly gratifying to my feelings, as a strong mark of personal regard from my old and valued friend.

In the evening I preached for Mr. Wilkes, in Albany Chapel. It is deeply to be regretted that there is so little union and harmony between the members of the Established Church and the various Dissenters, both Presbyterian and Independent, in this city, and indeed throughout Scot-

land. The controversy respecting the lawfulness and expediency of a national establishment, has been carried on with more warmth, and with a greater degree of asperity, in Scotland, than in her sister kingdom. Sermons, and other pamphlets, without number, have been printed and circulated, on both sides of the question. Social and domestic intercourse has been greatly embittered by this unhappy controversy. In the situation in which I was placed, I could not avoid seeing and hearing much on this agitating subject. My personal friends were, almost exclusively, connected with the Establishment, while my official character, as pastor of a Congregational church, and a delegate to the Congregational Union, necessarily led me to associate with the strenuous advocates of the Voluntary Principle. I found, among both parties, excellent and devoted men, and I deeply regretted that a difference of opinion should have such an unhappy influence in estranging them from each other, and in creating and fostering feelings of coldness and jealousy.

On Monday morning I breakfasted with the Rev. Dr. Welsh, the professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Welsh is a man of superior talent and of extensive information. He expressed a great inclination to

visit the United States, and to judge from personal observation of the influence of our religious institutions. It is very desirable that such men should visit our country. Their report would have a powerful influence upon the public mind in Scotland, in correcting many of the errors that prevail respecting the state of religion in America. —After breakfast, I called upon the Rev. Dr. Peddie, the venerable pastor of the Burgher congregation, and upon the Rev. Dr. Gordon and the Rev. Mr. Hunter of the established church. I was happy in the opportunity of seeing and conversing with these excellent men.—I dined with the Rev. Mr. Paul, Dr. Dickson's colleague, and at his table met with several of my early friends, whom I had not seen for many years.

It was with great regret that we felt constrained to leave Edinburgh on Tuesday morning. Our excellent friend, Dr. Dickson, insisted upon accompanying us in the steam-boat as far as Stirling, a distance of about forty miles. On our way I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend and classmate at the Divinity Hall, the Rev. Peter Brotherston, of Alloa. The sail on the Forth to Stirling, is very picturesque; and Dr. Dickson, who was intimately acquainted with every part of the way, pointed out the various objects of interest

as we passed along. We arrived at Stirling before night, and after having taken a view from the castle, which affords one of the finest landscapes in Scotland, we parted with our kind guide, and never to be forgotten friend, who took a most affectionate leave of us, as we entered the post-chaise to convey us to Callender, a distance of about sixteen miles from Stirling.

On our arrival at Callender, though late in the evening, I despatched a note to the Rev. Peter Robertson, the worthy minister of the place, who immediately called upon us at the inn. Mr. Robertson was also a fellow student at the Divinity Hall. We had not met for nearly thirty years. I regretted that our arrangements were such that I could not accept the proffered hospitality of my old friend, and spend a few days with him at the manse in Callender.

We had now entered the Highlands of Scotland, and early the next morning we left Callender for the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, scenes rendered classic by the author of the Lady of the Lake. Unhappily for us, the weather, which had been unpleasant from the time of our leaving Edinburgh, now became decidedly stormy, and we were glad to find a comfortable shelter in Mrs. Stewart's excellent inn, at the entrance of those rough and

romantic passes of nature, called the Trosachs. Here we spent the day; and the next day, although the sky was still overcast, pursued our route, crossing the beautiful Lake in an open boat, a distance of eight or ten miles, to the opposite side, where, notwithstanding the rain which began to fall, we were conveyed on ponies about five miles, to Loch Lomond, to meet the steam-boat.

In the steam-boat we proceeded down the Lake to a place called Tarbet, and there took a post-chaise to convey us to Inverary. The ride was exceedingly romantic, though the weather still continued unsettled. In the evening we arrived at the Capital of the Western Highlands, and before we retired to rest, visited the Castle of the duke of Argyle, and strolled in the beautiful grounds.

The next morning we left Inverary for Greenock, partly by coach, and partly by steam-boat, where we arrived in the afternoon, not a little fatigued by our journey, and not a little disappointed in passing through this most interesting country with scarcely a glimpse of the sun. We saw, however, much to delight us; and the grand and sublime mountain scenery, viewed through the dense mists of the atmosphere, was more impressive than had the clouds been dispersed by the rays of the sun.

We remained at Greenock until the next day, when we left it in the steam-boat for Dunbarton and Glasgow. The sail on the Clyde is exceedingly beautiful. We stopped a few hours at Dunbarton, to view its celebrated castle, built on the top of a rock, and then proceeded to Glasgow and took lodgings at the new Royal Hotel.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and we went to hear Dr. Wardlaw, whose Chapel was just in the rear of our hotel. We were happy in finding him at home. His discourse, which was one of a series of lectures on the prophecy of Jeremiah, was highly instructive. His manner, though not animated, was grave and impressive, and no one could hear him, without feeling that he was listening to the effusions of a mind of no ordinary strength and character. The short interview I had with this excellent man in the vestry, left a favorable impression, not merely of the strength of his intellect, but of the warmth of his heart.

In the afternoon, we went to Mr. Ewing's Chapel, with the hope of hearing him. But I was disappointed. Meeting with him a few moments before the service began, I was constrained to yield to his importunity to occupy the pulpit. I enjoyed, however, the privilege of hearing him

deliver an interesting address at the communion, which is administered in his church every Lord's day in the afternoon.

The practice of such frequent communion among the Scotch independents, illustrates the tendency of mankind to vibrate to contrary extremes. In the national church the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered in most of the churches only twice, and in some of them, only once a year. It would seem, as if the independents in Scotland were determined to be removed, as far as possible, from their Presbyterian brethren, and instead of administering the ordinance once a year, to administer it once a week. This very frequent administration, one would think, would tend to lessen its solemnity. The monthly celebration avoids both extremes, and seems, upon the whole, best adapted to promote the designs of the institution.

Mr. Ewing was once a minister of the established church in Lady Glenorchy's Chapel, in Edinburgh, but seceded from it about forty years ago, when, in connection with the Rev. Mr. Innes and the two Mr. Haldanes, he introduced the independent form of church government into Scotland. As a scholar, Mr. Ewing ranks deservedly among the first of his

denomination—while the amenity of his manners, and the fervor of his piety, endear him not only to his congregation, but to an extensive circle of friends.

In the evening I attended the lecture preached in the Tron church by the ministers of the established church in rotation, and heard the Rev. Dr. Smyth preach an excellent sermon. It seems that the General Assembly had appointed a fast, which was to take place in the course of the week, the appointment of which at the present crisis had excited much animadversion from that part of the community opposed to a national establishment, and in favor of the Voluntary Principle. In giving notice of the approaching solemnity, Dr. Smyth took occasion to justify the measure, and to notice what he conceived the unreasonable opposition it had excited.

On Monday we visited the University, and the Abbey church, and in the afternoon took the coach to Lanark, where we arrived in season to see the beautiful and romantic Falls of the Clyde, about two miles distant from that manufacturing town. After gratifying our love of natural scenery, we proceeded in a post-chaise to Douglass inn, on the great road from Glasgow to Carlisle, where we spent the night; and the next day took the coach for Carlisle.

The road is dull and uninteresting. On our arrival at Carlisle, we found a coach going immediately to Penrith, in the neighborhood of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which we intended to visit. We met with a comfortable inn at Penrith, and having engaged a convenient sociable, (or open carriage,) proceeded the next morning on our tour to the Lakes.

The weather, which for a week past had been stormy and uncomfortable, now became warm and delightful, and continued so through the remainder of our tour. Nothing could surpass the enjoyment of this day's excursion. We first visited Brougham Hall, the seat of the celebrated Lord Brougham. It is a plain, stone building, but the grounds are beautiful, and laid out with much taste. From Brougham Hall we proceeded to Lowther Castle, the splendid and beautiful seat of the Earl of Lonsdale. We rode for some time in the extensive and delightful grounds pertaining to the castle, before we arrived at the building itself, which presents a most imposing appearance, as it gradually discovers itself through the thick foliage by which it is surrounded. The castle, situated on the river which bears its name, is built of pale free stone, and has a front four hundred and twenty feet long, and is said to contain as many as eighty

lofty turrets. The rooms in the castle were preparing for the reception of the family, (then in London,) who visit it in July, and remain till October.

The housekeeper, who conducted us over the castle, was exceedingly civil and obliging. We were first led into a hall which contained the portraits of George the Third, Queen Anne, and Queen Mary wife of William the Third; together with marble busts of the late Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Chatham, Lord Liverpool, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Percival. Mr. Pitt was a college companion and intimate friend of the present Earl, and his portrait, statue or bust may be found in almost every apartment of the castle. The rooms are fitted up in a style of great magnificence, united with an air of comfort seldom to be found in palaces. We were conducted through a small ante-room into the library, a most splendid, and at the same time, a most comfortable looking apartment. The family, while at the castle, breakfast there, and sit there the greater part of the morning. The furniture of the library is made of the most beautifully polished British oak, the growth of the estate. Around the walls hang the family portraits, as far down as the last Earl. The portrait of the present Earl hangs in another

apartment. The library contains about ten thousand volumes. Among them I was gratified to notice a copy of Bishop Dehon's Sermons, beautifully bound. From the library we passed into the drawing-room, and other apartments of this princely palace.

Nothing that we had seen in any part of Europe exceeded the magnificence of this noble residence. Every variety of the most admired and costly Italian marble, and original paintings of the first masters—Vandyck, Guido, Titian, Leonard de Vinci, Sassoferrato, Gaspar Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Teniers and Wouvermans—graced the rooms through which we severally passed. We noticed also a beautiful bust of Wordsworth, the poet of the Lakes. From the Castle we strolled into the Countess's flower garden, which was exquisitely beautiful.

Those who may visit this part of Great Britain, and who may wish to see one of the best specimens of the residence of an English nobleman, should by no means neglect to visit Lowther Castle.

From Lowther Castle we went to Ullswater, and stopped at the head of the lake for refreshment. After remaining there for a short time, we concluded to go round by the way of Keswick,

that we might see the beautiful lake of Derwent Water. The road was romantic and mountainous, winding its way around the mountain called Saddleback. Within six miles of Keswick one of the wheels of our vehicle gave way, and we were obliged to turn pedestrians for the remainder of the journey.

The inn at Keswick we found noisy and uncomfortable. We strolled out in the evening to admire the beautiful scenery of the lake, and engaged a boatman to take us on its surface, early the next morning. We rose betimes. The sky was without a cloud, and scarcely a breath of wind disturbed the peaceful bosom of the lake. Our boatman, who was intelligent and communicative, described the different islands and the various little neat and pretty cottages that skirted the surrounding shore. We landed on one or two of these little islands. One, called the Hermitage, was peculiarly beautiful. Near the ruins of an old Hermitage is a little building erected by Sir William Gordon, for the accommodation of tourists who may wish to dine upon the island. It is a small cottage with a thatched roof and latticed windows, and contains a setting-room, a dining-room and a kitchen. Another little island, belonging to General Peechey, who was there with

his family, is richly cultivated, and the garden and shrubbery, surrounding a neat and convenient mansion, arranged with much taste. We spent several hours on this exquisitely beautiful lake, and returned to our inn with a keen appetite, to a late breakfast.

The town of Keswick is remarkable for nothing but its beautiful lake, and for being the residence of Robert Southey, Esq., the poet laureate, whose mansion, embosomed in trees, was pointed out to us from the lake.

We left Keswick, soon after breakfast, for Ambleside, which is situated near the borders of the lake of Windermere. The ride was indescribably beautiful. On leaving the town we ascended a hill, commanding a view of the vale of Keswick, with the lakes of Derwent Water and Basinthwaite winding among the hills. On our road we passed by the sweet little lake of Thirlemere, and had a most enchanting view of the lake and valley of Grassmere. Before arriving at Ambleside we passed on the road the celebrated poet, Wordsworth, riding towards Keswick.—His residence was afterwards pointed out to us.

At Ambleside we procured a post-chaise to convey us to Bowness, a little rural village on the banks of Windermere, where we found a most

excellent inn, and remained several hours. In the church-yard we noticed a very plain monument to the memory of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, who lived on the borders of the lake, and died in 1816.

Towards evening we left this beautiful spot in a post-chaise for Kendal, on the great northern road, where we spent the night. The next morning we took our departure, and passing through Lancaster and Preston, arrived at Liverpool in the afternoon of the 24th of July, and took lodgings at the Adelphi Hotel.

I called on an American friend now resident in Liverpool, with whom I made a passage to that place many years ago,—and was happy to renew the acquaintance of our youth. I called also on Mr. James, of the house of Phelps and James of New York, whom I had met in Bristol and who kindly offered to show me every attention in his power on my arrival in Liverpool. This promise he most faithfully redeemed. To him and Mrs. James, my family and myself were under many obligations, and we shall never cease to remember them with gratitude and esteem. Mr. James is from New York, and though he has not been long in Liverpool, is one of the officers of Dr. Raffles's church.

The next day I called on my esteemed friends Messrs. Job and Bulley, who were exceedingly kind and attentive to us during our short stay in Liverpool. I was much gratified in meeting once more with my valued friend Dr. Raffles. Dr. R. has been long known to the world, as a highly gifted man, an interesting writer and a very popular preacher. He is not less distinguished for the amiable qualities of his heart, and for his conversational powers.

The next day was the Sabbath, and I had the satisfaction of hearing Dr. Raffles in his own Chapel in the morning. In the afternoon I attended Mr. Kelley's Chapel, and heard Mr. Carruthers, one of the Dissenting ministers of Liverpool, preach a truly evangelical and excellent sermon. He is the son of Mr. Carruthers, who is now employed as a missionary in the State of Maine, and whom I have long known to be a most devoted and useful man. In the evening I preached my last sermon in England in Dr. Raffles's Chapel, to a large and respectable congregation.

The next morning we breakfasted with a number of friends at Dr. Raffles's hospitable mansion. Dr. Raffles is surrounded, not only by the comforts, but by many of the elegancies of life, and his

dwelling and beautiful grounds, while they evince the taste of the proprietor, afford him the opportunity of imparting a liberal hospitality to his numerous friends and acquaintance.

We dined with Mr. Thomas Bulley in company with Dr. Raffles and a few friends, and in the evening I attended a meeting of the Jews' Society, where I had the opportunity of seeing and hearing that eccentric and remarkable man, the Rev. Joseph Wolff, missionary to the Jews. He gave a very minute and amusing account of his adventures in the East to a very crowded auditory. Several other speeches were made on the occasion, and the meeting broke up at a late hour.

CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION TO WALES—RETURN TO LIVERPOOL—DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL—ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.

On Tuesday morning we left Liverpool, on a short excursion into Wales, previous to our departure for America. We embarked in the steam-boat for Bangor and Menai Bridge, and, after an uncomfortable passage, arrived at the latter place about six P. M.

Menai Bridge is one of the most remarkable structures of the kind in Europe, and is visited by thousands of travellers. After spending a short time in examining this wonderful specimen of art, we returned to Bangor, and engaged a conveyance to take us as far as Capel Curig, a distance of about twelve miles, where we arrived late at night, not a little exhausted with fatigue.

On waking in the morning, refreshed with

sleep, we found ourselves surrounded with the most delightful and romantic scenery imaginable. We were in the heart of North Wales, and every thing around us tended to impress us with the sublime and beautiful. The old Welsh harper, in the hall of the Inn, delighted us with the airs of his native hills. The inn, itself, was remarkable for its romantic and cottage like appearance, and was exceedingly neat and comfortable. There was but one circumstance to damp our enjoyment, and that was the disappointment we felt in not meeting with our beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Duthoit of London, whom we had hoped to see once more before we left the country. They had been on a short visit to Wales, but had departed from Capel Curig for London, a few days previous to our arrival.

We could have lingered in this enchanting spot for days and weeks, but our time was limited, as we had engaged our passage in the packet of the 1st of August, which was to sail on Saturday. We left Capel Curig before breakfast, in a sociable for Beddgelart. The morning was lovely and the ride delightful. The lofty Snowden, the highest mountain in Wales, was the most commanding object in the prospect.

Beddgelart, (or Gelart's grave,) derives its name

from a very affecting incident in the history of Prince Llewellyn, one of the former sovereigns of this interesting country. Returning from one of his expeditions to his castle in this place, he was met by his favorite dog, Gelart, running up to him, besmeared with blood. He immediately followed him to the house; and on entering his chamber, he perceived the cradle, in which his infant child usually slept, overturned, and the child missing. Believing that the dog had destroyed the child, he slew him on the spot. On lifting up the cradle a few moments after, he found the child beneath it alive and unhurt, and a wolf lying by its side whom the faithful dog had killed to preserve the life of the infant. Overwhelmed with grief, he had his dog interred with great ceremony; and the place in which this incident occurred, acquired the name of Beddgelart—or Gelart's grave. The grave is still pretended to be shown to strangers, though it is very doubtful whether the exact spot can be pointed out.

From Beddgelart, we proceeded through the beautiful vale of Festiniog to Tannybulch, where we dined, and from thence to Dolgettly, a shire town. On our arrival in the afternoon, we found it impossible to obtain post-horses on account of the assizes, which were then in session. The

place was so crowded that it was difficult to procure lodgings at an inn, and we were under the necessity of obtaining them in a private family. As we had time to spare, we inquired whether there was any place of worship open in the evening, and were directed to a small Welsh chapel of Calvinistic Methodists, where we had an opportunity of hearing two sermons, successively, in the Welsh language. The preachers, perceiving that there were strangers present, named their texts in English as well as Welsh. They appeared to be engaged in their subject, though their utterance was exceedingly disagreeable, and their manner very uncouth.

We left Dolgettly, early the next morning in the coach for Bala.—From Bala, we took a post-chaise to Curwen, and from thence another to Llangollen, whose vale, watered by the river Dee, is said to be the most beautiful in Wales. Here we stopped to visit the cottage and grounds of the late Lady Eleanor Butler, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, who lived here, for about fifty years, retired from the busy and fashionable world. They are now both gone; and a neat monument covers their remains.—Lady Butler died in 1829, aged ninety years, and Miss Ponsonby two or three years after, aged seventy-seven. Their

memory is still held in the most respectful and grateful remembrance by the neighboring cottagers, with some of whom we conversed. The cottage is now occupied by two single ladies, Miss Lawton and Miss Andrews, who are attempting to follow the example of their predecessors. Through their politeness we were permitted to view the grounds, which are very tastefully arranged.

We left with reluctance, this beautiful spot for Wrexham, a county town, where we were compelled to spend the night, as we found we could not see Eaton Hall, the seat of Lord Grosvenor, a distance of twelve miles, till ten the next day. We visited the fine old church in Wrexham, and noticed in the church-yard, the tomb of Elihu Yale, Esq., (who gave the name to Yale college in Connecticut,) on which is inscribed the following quaint epitaph.

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul, through mercy's, gone to Heaven."

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, we took a post-chaise for Eaton Hall, on our way to Liverpool. This is said to be one of the finest

establishments to be found among the English nobility, and it well deserves the attention of strangers. The house is modern, but built in good taste and richly furnished. It contains some valuable paintings by Guercino, and by West; but in respect to statuary and painting, is greatly inferior to Lowther Castle. The grounds, the gardens, and the hot house, are kept in good order, and the extensive park, through which you approach the house, is one of the finest we have seen.

After satisfying our curiosity, we proceeded to the ancient city of Chester, where we remained only long enough to visit the pulpit in which Matthew Henry preached, and the spot where his ashes repose.

From Chester we hastened to the ferry, about eight miles distant, and there took the steam-boat for Liverpool, where we arrived on Friday afternoon, and, at the urgent request of Mr. James, went directly to his house. In the evening I took tea with my old friends, Capt. Pratt and his family, in company with our mutual friend, Miss Eaton.

The next day was spent in busy preparations for our intended voyage; and at 3, P. M., on

the first of August, we embarked in the good ship Columbus, Capt. Cobb, for New York.

An excellent ship—a polite and attentive captain, and a number of respectable and very pleasant passengers, contributed to make the time pass very agreeably. A disposition to please and be pleased seemed to pervade the company.

The day after we embarked was the Sabbath, and the passengers, with several of the officers and crew, assembled, with one accord, in the cabin, where we united in public worship, and commended ourselves to the guardian care of Him whom the winds and waves obey. This practice was maintained, whenever the weather would permit, with great unanimity, and with apparent seriousness.

We arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon, the 6th of September, and were received with the greatest cordiality, by our relatives and friends in that city. After spending a little time with them, and visiting some friends on the way, we reached Boston on Thursday evening, and the next day we were once more settled in our own comfortable dwelling at Dorchester.

That part of our domestic circle which we left behind us, we found in the enjoyment of perfect health; and on Sabbath morning, our *whole* family,

which had been for some time past separated from each other in different parts of the world, went together to the house of God to pay our vows unto the Most High; and never had a family greater occasion to enter his courts with thanksgiving, and his gates with praise.

It will be in vain to attempt to describe our feelings in receiving the cordial congratulations of a united and beloved congregation.

"If our welcome be so joyous,
While earth's storms around us roar,—
What will be the bliss of heaven,
When we meet to part no more?"

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 019 904 369 9